Liberty

AUG. 29, 1942 10¢

LEWIS vs MURRAY

Inside Story of Labor's Greatest Feud

NO GAS? I TOLD YOU SO!

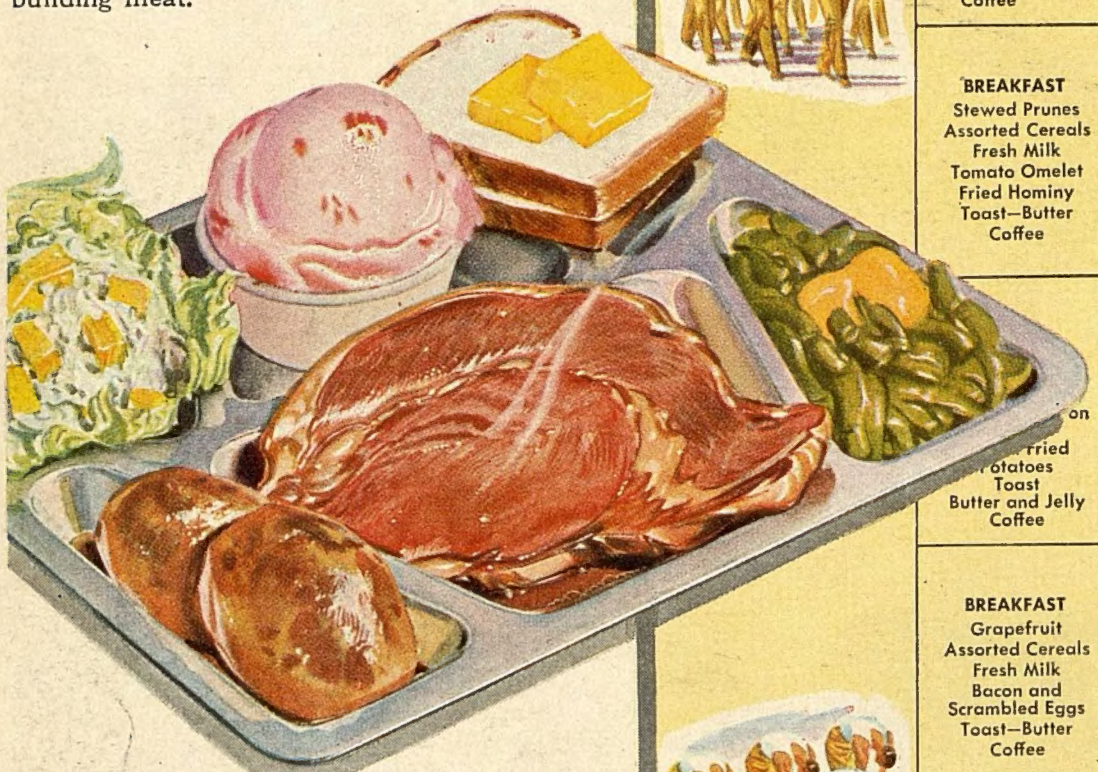
by Secretary Harold L. Ickes

Elaine Bacon, Liberty girl, selected for Columbia Pictures production "The Cover Girl"

Why the average soldier gains 7 pounds during his first month in the Army

Uncle Sam prescribes A POUND OF MEAT PER DAY for every soldier in this best fed army in the world! . . .

The first concern of any good mother is that her boy gets plenty to eat. And Uncle Sam's Quartermaster Corps is just as solicitous for every man in our fighting forces today. Their meals are so nourishing and well balanced, the average soldier gains 7 pounds during his first month in service. Some gain as high as 20 pounds. And it's *not* soft fat. For ours is a meat-eating, active army. Every day each and every man in service gets a pound of muscle-building meat.



No great new plants had to be built or financed by our government to feed our growing army. War found the meat industry ready! Right now, Armour and Company and the other meat packers are shipping millions of pounds of meats, poultry and dairy products *each day* to the army alone. Armour is also providing tons of foods daily for our allies through lend-lease. And supplying a major share of the meat for our folks at home. Not always in unlimited quantities to the home front — our boys in service come first. We are all-out to win this war!

Armour and Company

LOOK AT THE MEALS HE GETS

Here is an actual week of Army menus — meals typical of those served to soldiers of the 6th Corps Area during the week of September 6. How do they compare with those served in your own home?

	BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
SUNDAY	Oranges Corn Meal Mush Fresh Milk Pork Sausage Fried Potatoes Toast—Butter Coffee	Roast Duck with Sage Dressing and Giblet Sauce Candied Sweet Potatoes Green Peas Bread and Butter Vegetable Salad Chocolate Pie Coffee	Cold Sliced Bologna, Liver Sausage, Sliced Cheese Boiled Kidney Beans Bread—Butter Celery Dill Pickles Sliced Peaches Tea
MONDAY	Stewed Prunes Assorted Cereals Fresh Milk Tomato Omelet Fried Hominy Toast—Butter Coffee	Puree of Bean Soup Boiled Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Boiled Turnips Bread—Butter Sliced Onions Bread Custard Lemonade	Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Buttered Spinach Bread—Butter Sliced Raw Carrots Apple Cobbler Cocoa
TUESDAY	on Fried otatoes Toast Butter and Jelly Coffee	Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Buttered Green Beans Bread—Butter Pineapple and Cabbage Salad Ice Cream Tea	Hamburger Steaks Fried Onions French Baked Potatoes Catsup—Pickles Bread—Butter Baked Apples Jam Cocoa
WEDNESDAY	Grapefruit Assorted Cereals Fresh Milk Bacon and Scrambled Eggs Toast—Butter Coffee	Rice and Chicken Soup Chicken a la King Mashed Potatoes Bread—Butter Lettuce and Tomato Salad French Dressing Apple Pie Lemonade	Steamed Frankfurters Sauer Kraut Boiled Potatoes Bread—Butter Sliced Onions Apricot Cobbler Tea
THURSDAY	Tomato Juice Rolled Oats Fresh Milk Fried Eggs Diced Potatoes Toast—Butter Coffee	Vegetable Soup Beef Loaf with Tomato Sauce Baked Brown Potatoes Buttered Spinach Bread—Butter Onion and Beet Salad Devil's Food Cake Tea	Lamb Pot Pie Baked Squash Buttered Corn Bread—Butter Raisin and Carrot Salad Mayonnaise Apple Sauce Cocoa
FRIDAY	Apples Assorted Cereals Fresh Milk Bacon Omelet Cottage Fried Potatoes Toast—Butter Coffee	Roast Lamb—Mint Jelly Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Bread—Butter Lettuce Salad French Dressing Ice Cream Coffee	Clam Chowder Salmon Loaf with Cream Sauce Green Peas Bread—Butter Jam Sliced Tomatoes Cup Cakes Tea
SATURDAY	Grapefruit Juice Corn Meal Mush Fresh Milk Pork Sausages French Toast Bread—Butter Coffee	Split Pea Soup Breaded Pork Chops with Brown Gravy Potatoes au Gratin Green Beans Bread—Butter Sliced Tomatoes Butterscotch Pie Lemonade	Fried Beef Liver Fried Onions Cheesed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Bread—Butter Combination Salad Rice Custard Coffee

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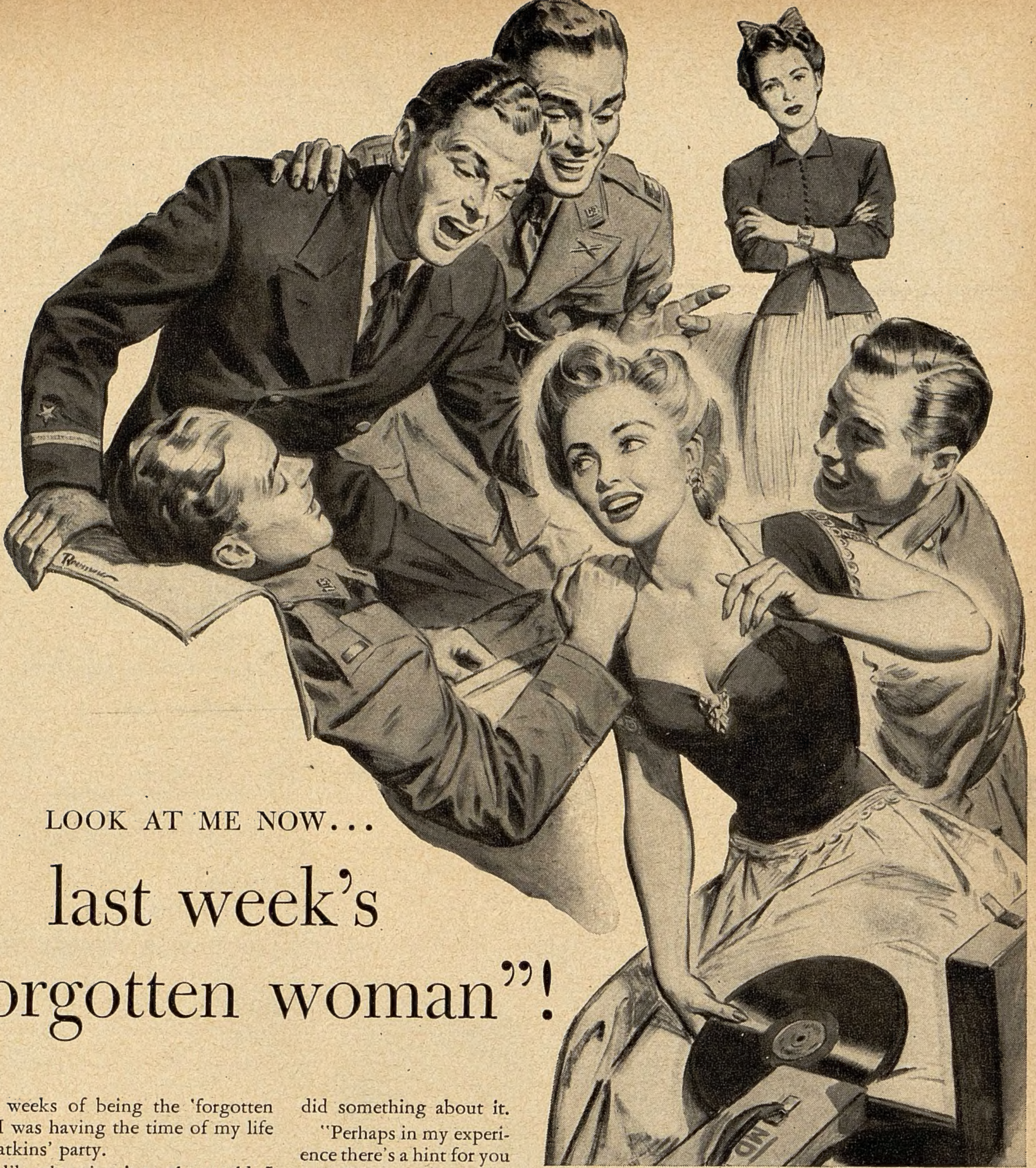


LOOK AT ME NOW...

last week's "forgotten woman"!

"After weeks of being the 'forgotten woman' I was having the time of my life at the Watkins' party.

"I felt like shouting it to the world. I wanted it to be a slap in the face to those who had whispered behind my back.

"Not a man said 'Let's sit this one out' or 'Excuse me, I've got to make a telephone call.' I danced every dance—and there were plenty of 'cut-ins'.

"Moreover, midnight found me singing close harmony with the most interesting boys at the party—some of the old friends who had politely dropped me and some new ones who were plenty attractive.

"It just goes to show that a girl can win back the favor she sometimes loses through her own carelessness. And had I been careless! Oh, my! Thank Heaven, I found out what my trouble* was and did something about it.

"Perhaps in my experience there's a hint for you—and you—and you."

One of the worst handicaps anybody can have is halitosis (bad breath).* Once found guilty of it you may be under suspicion always.

How's *Your* Breath?

But why take chances? Isn't it just plain common sense to be on guard against this offense which detracts so much from your charm? Listerine Antiseptic may prove one of your best friends in this matter. This reliable antiseptic works two ways to purify and sweeten your breath.

1. It halts the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on oral surfaces; while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, say some authorities, are caused by such fermentation.

2. It overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

If you want to be at your best socially and in business, never, never omit the wholly delightful Listerine precaution. Use it night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

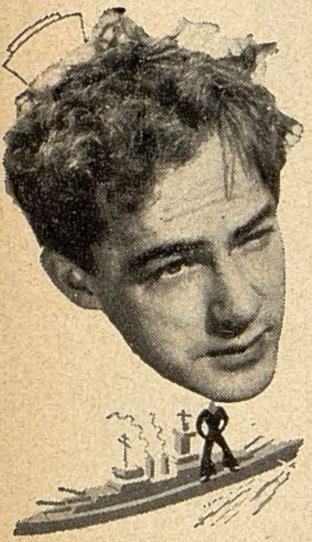
HONESTY

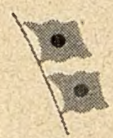
shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

SAILOR BEWARE . . . OF

HOLIDAY HAIR!



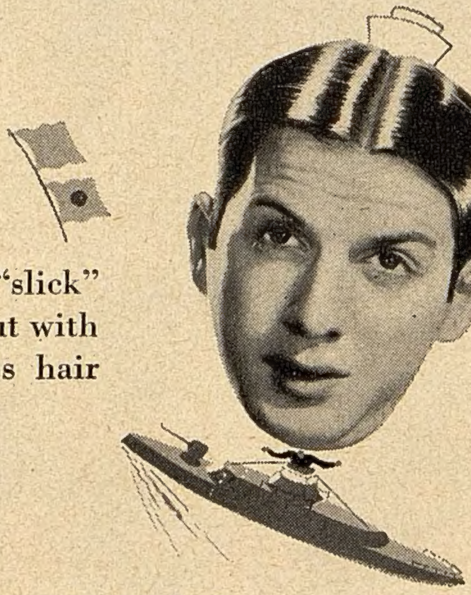


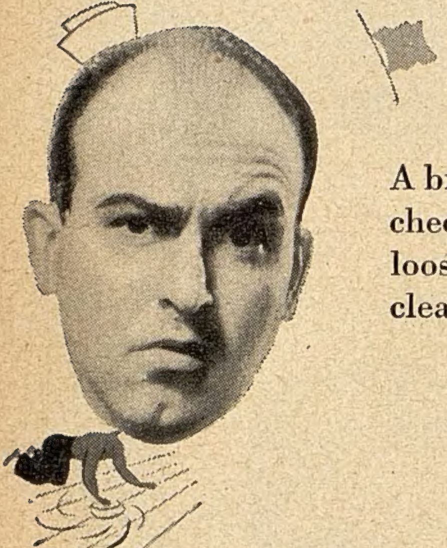
Beware of "STORMY WEATHER"!

Rain and wind dry out scalp oils, leave hair brittle, unruly. (Dousing with water has the same effect.) Use Kreml to keep hair *neatly* in place.

Beware of "OIL SLICK"!

When wind tangles your hair, don't "slick" it down. Patent-leather hair went out with windjammers. Kreml always keeps hair looking soft and lustrous.



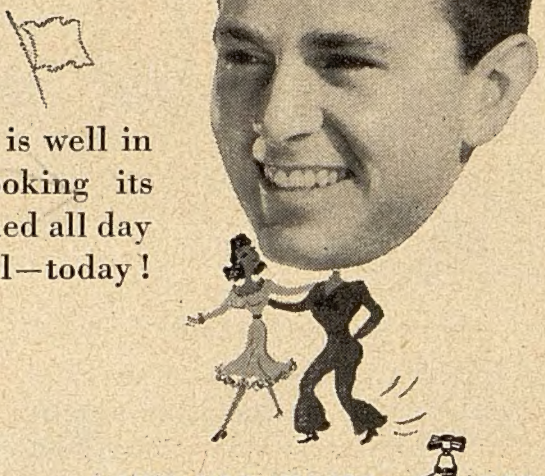


Beware of "NEGLECT"!

A brisk massage with Kreml every day helps check excessive falling hair. Kreml scuttles loose dandruff too . . . keeps your "top-side" clean and neat. Relieves itchy scalp.

"SMOOTH SAILING"!

. . . and the romance situation is well in hand! Kreml keeps hair looking its *natural* best . . . perfectly groomed all day long. "Head right" for Kreml—today!



Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous . . . conditions your hair both *before* and *after* permanents.

Hair-Care Combination: Use Kreml Hair Tonic and gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. Ask your barber for an application. *Get BOTH at your drugstore.*

DON'T USE WATER — USE

KREML

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
HELPS CHECK EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

THIS WEEK

AUGUST 29, 1942

EDITORIAL

And Next to Washington—Hub of the World 6

AMERICA FIGHTS ★ ★ ★ ★

This Man's War
Old Sarge 34
Sky-Guerrillas 36

WORLD AFFAIRS

Where Democracy Has Failed
Raymond Clapper 42

PEOPLE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Roosevelt as I See Him
Pierre van Paassen 12
Lewis vs. Murray
Samuel Carter 20
When You Get to Know John Kieran
Bill Cunningham 54

OPINION ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vox Pop 28
I Told You So!
Harold L. Ickes 30

STORIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Night at The Narrows—Part I
Arthur Gordon 9
Pretend No More
Cecile Gilmore 16
Forget Your Heroes—Liberty's Short Short
Hugh Pentecost 23
The Professor Entertains
Thomas Newman 32
Girl o' War—Conclusion
Adela Rogers St. Johns 46

LIVING

Teletype Tips 58

$5,000 WAR HEROES CONTEST 57

MOVIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hey, Hey, Hayworth!
Frederick Van Ryn 24
Pictures You Ought to See
Howard Barnes 44

FEMININITY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To the Ladies
Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 53

MISCELLANY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Crosswords 27
Twenty Questions 38
Just Between Ourselves
The Editors 58

Published by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

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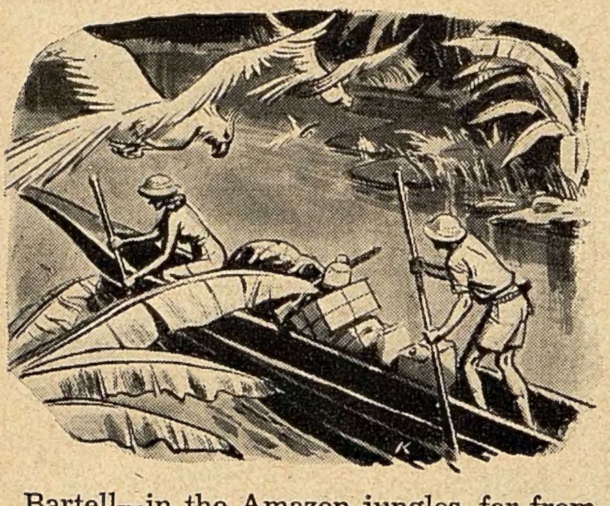
NEXT WEEK

SEPTEMBER 5, 1942

ADVENTURE ON THE AMAZON—AND IN HIS HEART

"Look at that wilderness. Thousands and thousands of miles of it. Full of rubber. We have to find a way of taking it out." War brought a strange adventure to John Bartell—in the Amazon jungles, far from the battlefields, fighting the lure of two women who loved him. It's Jungle Gold, the new novel by OSCAR SCHISGALL, who wrote I Married a Nazi—as timely and dramatic today as was that story of Berlin when Liberty published it in '39. And (a secret), like that too it will be a movie. You'll find it in Liberty first, beginning next week.



HENRY FORD TALKS ABOUT WAR—AND YOUR FUTURE

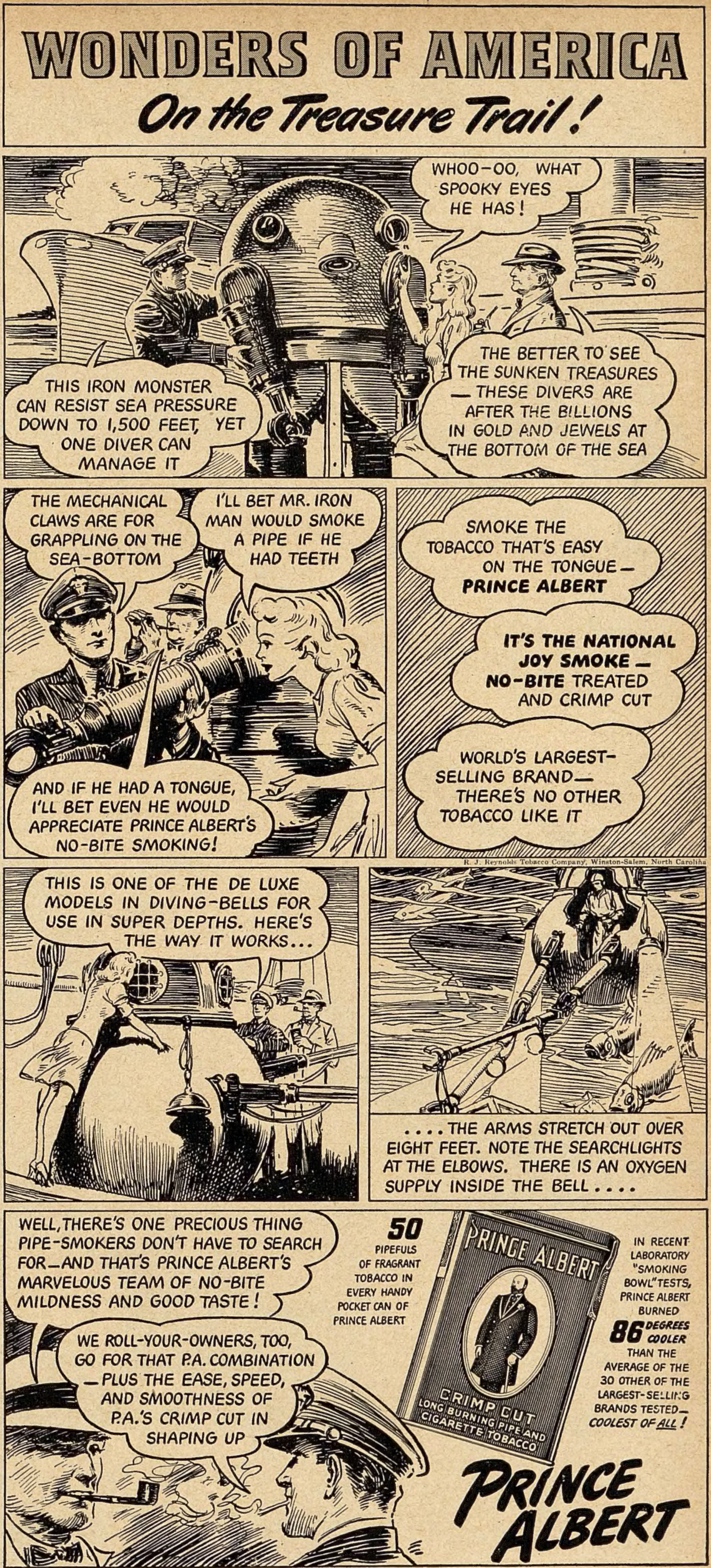
When a nation's No. 1 pacifist becomes its No. 1 munitions-maker, his views on war and the days to come take on a unique significance. More freely, illuminatingly, and forthrightly than ever before, Mr. Ford has opened his heart and mind to DONALD WILHELM. Result: a remarkable Liberty article.

THE LOVES OF LANA TURNER

Hollywood's glamorous sweater girl is married again—and thereby hangs a tale. IRVING WALLACE, who knows his Hollywood, gives you the lowdown on one of the most fabulous careers in that incredible land of romance.

ALSO: A vivid news-map, posing the question, Will the Japs and Nazis Meet? . . . The story of a 36-year-old pitcher who is the baseball phenomenon of 1942 . . . Another chapter in the brilliant Roosevelt series . . . Fiction by CHARLES BONNER, JOHN DE LONG LEINBACH, PAUL ERNST, ARTHUR GORDON . . . Pictures, features, fun. A vigorous, timely, colorful issue!

Liberty, August 29, 1942. Vol. 19, No. 35. Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy; $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries. In all other countries, $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1942, by Macfadden Publications, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



WONDERS OF AMERICA
On the Treasure Trail!
WHOO-OO, WHAT SPOOKY EYES HE HAS!
THIS IRON MONSTER CAN RESIST SEA PRESSURE DOWN TO 1,500 FEET, YET ONE DIVER CAN MANAGE IT
THE BETTER TO SEE THE SUNKEN TREASURES — THESE DIVERS ARE AFTER THE BILLIONS IN GOLD AND JEWELS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
THE MECHANICAL CLAWS ARE FOR GRAPPLING ON THE SEA-BOTTOM
I'LL BET MR. IRON MAN WOULD SMOKE A PIPE IF HE HAD TEETH
AND IF HE HAD A TONGUE, I'LL BET EVEN HE WOULD APPRECIATE PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE SMOKING!
SMOKE THE TOBACCO THAT'S EASY ON THE TONGUE — PRINCE ALBERT
IT'S THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE — NO-BITE TREATED AND CRIMP CUT
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND— THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
THIS IS ONE OF THE DE LUXE MODELS IN DIVING-BELLS FOR USE IN SUPER DEPTHS. HERE'S THE WAY IT WORKS...
....THE ARMS STRETCH OUT OVER EIGHT FEET. NOTE THE SEARCHLIGHTS AT THE ELBOWS. THERE IS AN OXYGEN SUPPLY INSIDE THE BELL....
WELL, THERE'S ONE PRECIOUS THING PIPE-SMOKERS DON'T HAVE TO SEARCH FOR—AND THAT'S PRINCE ALBERT'S MARVELOUS TEAM OF NO-BITE MILDNESS AND GOOD TASTE!
WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS, TOO, GO FOR THAT P.A. COMBINATION — PLUS THE EASE, SPEED, AND SMOOTHNESS OF P.A.'S CRIMP CUT IN SHAPING UP
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— COOLEST OF ALL!
PRINCE ALBERT

WE, THE PEOPLE

iberty
UG. 29, 1942

And Next to Washington,

THERE has been enough gossip on Washington to fill a library. At this point a little understanding of Washington might not come amiss.

Raymond Moley once said that the whole New Deal of the present administration began with an organization of eighteen men. That organization of eighteen men has now increased to several hundred thousand.

When you look at the administrative organization in the city of Washington from the inside— not from the outside—and when you look with business, not with government, eyes, you become amazed at the number of good sound men who have gravitated to our capital. Plenty of bad ones, of course. Plenty of foolish ones, and stupid ones. But the number of good ones is almost startling.

Now, when you reverse the lens to the business world, you find that in the average business structure it takes at least twenty-five years for a corporate business concern to build an organization that will ensure its own continuity for another twenty-five years. It just seems to take about that long to get the salesmen who won't run away with the other person's money or the other person's wife or telephone at two o'clock in the morning that they are in jail; to get the workers who won't seize any opportunity a grievance to stop the activity and go on strike to get the executives who will have a balanced understanding of the relationship between worker and production, of a proper relationship between profit and prices, and of the final and most important relationship between earnings and the distribution of earnings to all parties concerned in the creation of those earnings.

So, when you take the Washington world, in comparison with the business world, you find that that Washington world had quite an organization job on its hands to get going at all.

Of course, it would be better if Washington

"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it." *DANIEL WEBSTER*

the Capital of the United States; Hub of the World

could really become a part of the United States. But that is gently put, and not too seriously proffered. The job of running the United States is an inside and not an outside job.

But even in that respect We, the People—and not They, the Government—are responsible.

One evening a high government official gave a dinner to other high administration officials and included several important senators and congressmen.

Over the coffee these officials began berating the senators and congressmen. The general tone of the attack seemed to be:

"Why can't you fellows at some point rise to the position of statesmanship? Why must you always be engaged in petty politics? Why do you have to be constantly fighting for the wheat belt or the cotton belt or the silver group, at the expense of the rest of the United States?"

At which point one of the senior senators, having been ridden as hard as he could take it, suddenly let down his hair and began to talk.

"You fellows make me sick," he said. "You sit here, appointed by government, with your jobs secure. And it never enters your mind that we have to go home for re-election. We think it is better to be a live politician than a dead statesman. We have to consider the wheat belt or the cotton belt first, because that is where our votes are coming from.

"But," he went on, "you fellows are not much more high-minded than we are when it comes to the final analysis. If we don't stay here, you don't stay here. We, at least, stick our necks out for our constituents. But, except for some of the more courageous of you who don't give a damn whether you hold your jobs or not, the rest of you sit here and do nothing except watch the reaction to what we do and try to jump in the right direction."

That meeting was never recorded in any newspaper nor in any gossip column. But it was probably one of the most enlightening ever held.

★ ★ ★

WE, the People, can take the entire blame of that bitter comment to ourselves, and not lay any part of it to the bureaucracy of Washington nor to the senatorial and congressional group who are there to represent us.

If we want to place the interests of our own wheat or cotton belt above the interests of the rest of the United States; if we, an enormous part of the people, want to consider ourselves as a separate "labor bloc" or a separate "farm bloc," out to get all we can for ourselves regardless of the major interests of America—then We, the People of the United States, cannot expect our senators and our congressmen to become dead statesmen instead of live politicians. And we are getting what we pay for.

A good definition of "politics" as we most often use the word might be—that effort to promote such group interests as affect its own personal interests in advance of the national interests that affect the whole. While the "statesmanship" we look for so eagerly might be defined as the effort to promote the national interests first, with regard for group interests only as they affect the interests of the whole.

Therefore not until We, the People, begin showing evidence of being willing to rise above our own group interests for the sake of national interests, not until we get an over-all picture of what America really is and what it stands for, not until we have a deeper understanding of the grim necessity of weaving this country together, is there any possibility of converting politicians into statesmen and really making the city of Washington a part of the United States.

The people of Washington, you know, are not really citizens in the realest sense of the word. Those who have actual residence in Washington cannot even vote.

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Clear the Lines for the War

Before you make a Long Distance telephone call today, ask yourself these questions:

1. Is it necessary?
2. Will it interfere with war calls?

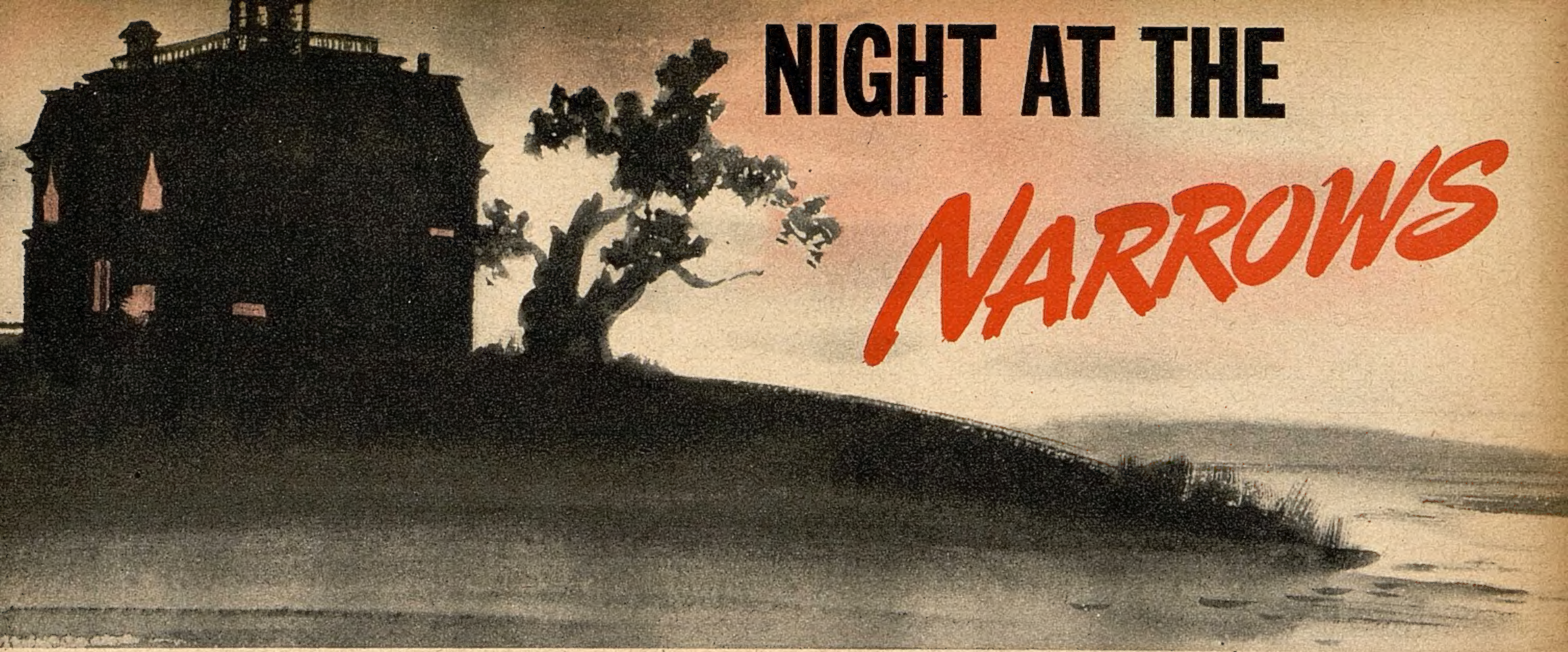
The weight of war on the telephone lines is heavier every day. We can't build the new lines to carry it because sufficient materials aren't available. We've got to make the most of the service we now have.

Please give a clear track to the war effort by confining your Long Distance calls to those that are really necessary.

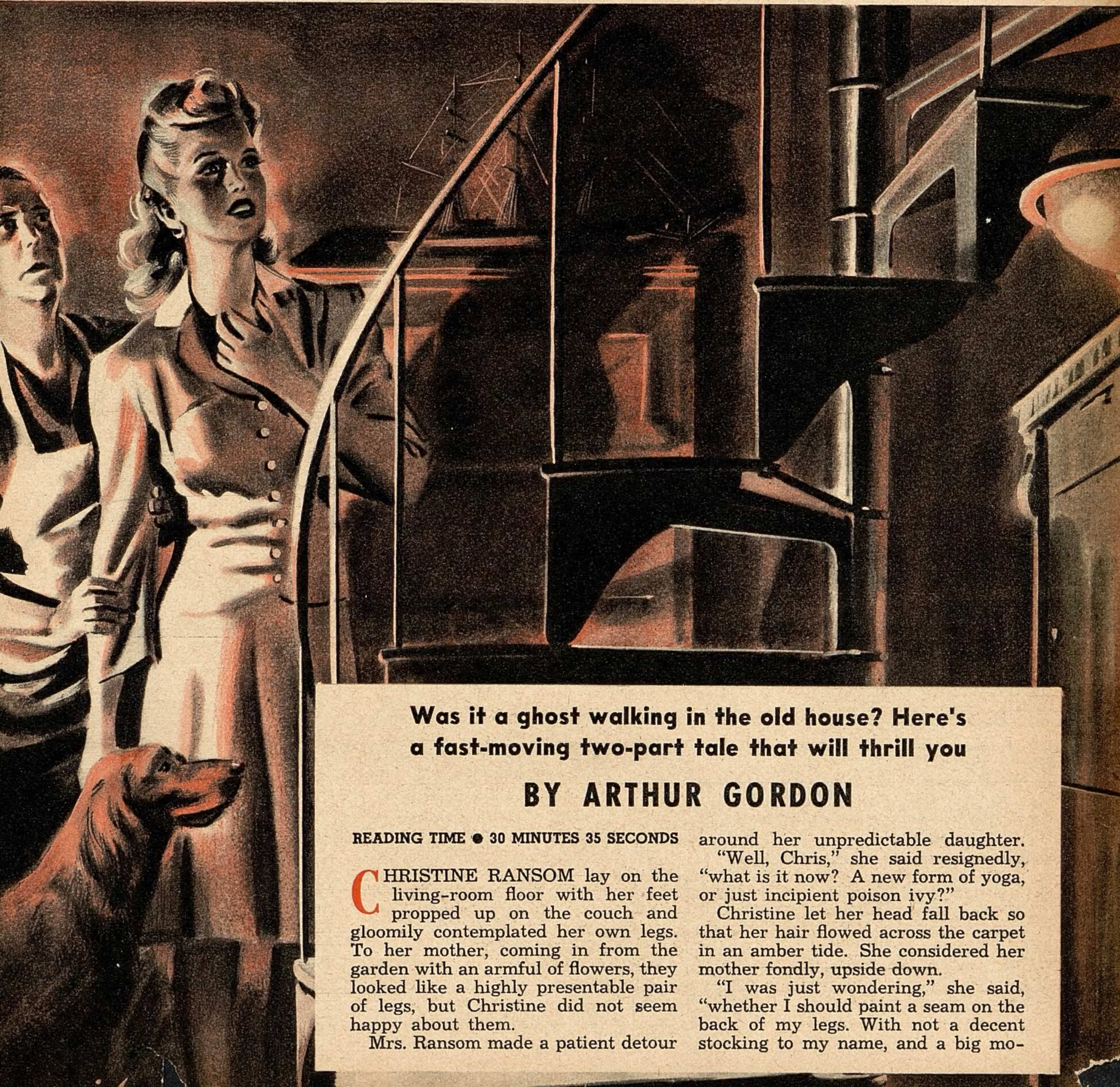
WAR CALLS
COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

NIGHT AT THE NARROWS



Loki's whole body was rigid with canine suspicion. For the first time in her life Christine was frightened.



Was it a ghost walking in the old house? Here's a fast-moving two-part tale that will thrill you

BY ARTHUR GORDON

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

CHRISTINE RANSOM lay on the living-room floor with her feet propped up on the couch and gloomily contemplated her own legs. To her mother, coming in from the garden with an armful of flowers, they looked like a highly presentable pair of legs, but Christine did not seem happy about them.

Mrs. Ransom made a patient detour around her unpredictable daughter.

"Well, Chris," she said resignedly, "what is it now? A new form of yoga, or just incipient poison ivy?"

Christine let her head fall back so that her hair flowed across the carpet in an amber tide. She considered her mother fondly, upside down.

"I was just wondering," she said, "whether I should paint a seam on the back of my legs. With not a decent stocking to my name, and a big moment in the offing for tonight . . ."

Mrs. Ransom put the flowers in a vase with a gesture that somehow achieved resignation. "Is it Mike again?"

"Yup," said her daughter. She sat up with one lovely easy motion. "Y'know, I've about decided to marry him—not that he deserves it, the big moron."

Mrs. Ransom's hands paused momentarily in their flower arranging. "That's nice, dear," she said placidly; "but would you mind not announcing your engagement to your father until—say, tomorrow? He has a speech to make at a defense meeting tonight which has already called for two doses of bicarbonate of soda. One more crisis would be the end of him."

CHRISTINE got up, a tall girl with a sweet mouth and eyes the color of sea water. She gave her mother a hug. "I was only fooling," she said. "Halfway, at least. But, honestly, I don't know why you and dad object to Mike. I think he's swell. I've thought so ever since we were kids together."

"Since which time," her mother pointed out gently, "he moved away and went to some unheard-of college on the West Coast and just reappeared a few months ago as a glorified stevedore."

"He's *not* a stevedore, mother," Chris said patiently. "He put himself through college, which is more than dad ever did. That's where he got interested in the longshoreman problem, and *that's* why he works down on the docks now. I grant you there are times when he looks rather like a gorilla, in a kind of appealing redheaded way, but—well, if I were ever in a jam I'd like to have him around."

"I can imagine," said Mrs. Ransom dryly, "that getting out of jams is one of Mike's chief accomplishments. And we don't object to him personally; but he hardly seems a suitable choice for a husband, however delightfully—er, simian."

"You'll change your mind when you see him in uniform," Christine said confidently. "The army wants him to show them how to load transports and his commission may come through any day now, and meanwhile I want to see as much of him as I can; so tonight—"

"Tonight, Chris," her mother said, "I want you to do me a favor that will eliminate your date."

"Oh, mother!" Chris cried impatiently. "What on earth—"

"Your grandmother telephoned a little while ago," Mrs. Ransom said, "and asked if I'd come down and spend the night with her at The Narrows. I said I'd be busy, with your father's speech and all, but that you'd be glad to come."

"But why?" demanded Chris a little wildly. "What's the matter? Is she sick? Isn't Marta there with her?"

"She's not sick and of course Marta's there with her. But she sounded a little strange—said her nerves had been bothering her."

"Nerves!" snorted Christine rudely. "Why, Grandma MacGregor hasn't a nerve in her body. This is a plot, that's what it is—a plot to keep me from having a date with Mike!"

"Christine," her mother said, "don't be childish. Your grandmother wants somebody to spend the night with her. I can't go, so you'll have to be unselfish, that's all."

"But The Narrows, of all places!" Chris wailed. "Now that they're enforcing the dim-out, it'll be like a tomb! I'll be bored stiff! Nothing's happened in that gloomy old house since grandfather shot that mythical mutineer you're always telling us about."

"I was born there," her mother remarked. "That was a fairly important event so far as you're concerned, my pet."

"Hellcats!" Christine muttered. "I suppose I'll have to call Mike and tell him the date's off. Blast my sainted grandmother! I never thought *she'd* get temperamental in her old age."

She stalked out into the hall where the telephone was kept in a dark and satisfyingly private little closet. Her mother watched her go, and her face softened with pride and tenderness. The child was so mature and yet so—well, untempered by life. She had all the confidence that security and good looks and breeding could bestow, and in all of her nineteen years she had never faced a real crisis.

"Well," Mrs. Ransom said philosophically to herself, "that happy state of affairs can't go on forever."

And did not know how right she was!

BIG Mike Nolan crammed himself somehow into the phone booth that stood in the middle of the pier, unhooked the receiver, and roared "Hello!" in the tone he had just been using on his gang of stevedores. From the back, with his red hair standing on end and his muscles bulging under his sleeveless cotton shirt, he did look a little anthropoid. But when he heard the voice at the other end he grinned and his blue eyes crinkled at the corners, and for a minute, under its mask of dust and sweat, his Irish face was almost handsome.

"Hi, honey," he said in a more civilized but still not exactly dulcet voice. "I was just thinking about you. . . . Why? Oh, we were loading some Missouri mules for shipment to—" He paused happily while the telephone crackled its indignation. Then suddenly his grin disappeared. "What's that, Chris? Our date is off? Aw, Chris, now wait a minute. You can't do that—"

The telephone murmured sad explanations. The giant's sunburned shoulders drooped disconsolately.

"Oh," he said at last, "down at The Narrows, hey? Sure, I remember it. I bet your grandmother hasn't forgotten me, either. I was the bane of her existence ten years ago. Well"—he sighed like a steam roller—"if she needs you, I guess you've got to go. Too bad. If you'd told me earlier, I could've fixed up something with a blonde who's got a yen for me—" He held the receiver away from his ear just in time.

"Look, Chris," he said coaxingly, when he was able, "how about stopping by on your way to The Narrows? Just for a minute? I'll probably work straight through till midnight now. Sure, midnight. There's a war on, haven't you heard, and a whole convoy is—" He checked himself. "If you'll meet me outside at seven o'clock, I'll promise not to go out with that blonde for a whole week."

The telephone stated that it would consider the proposition.

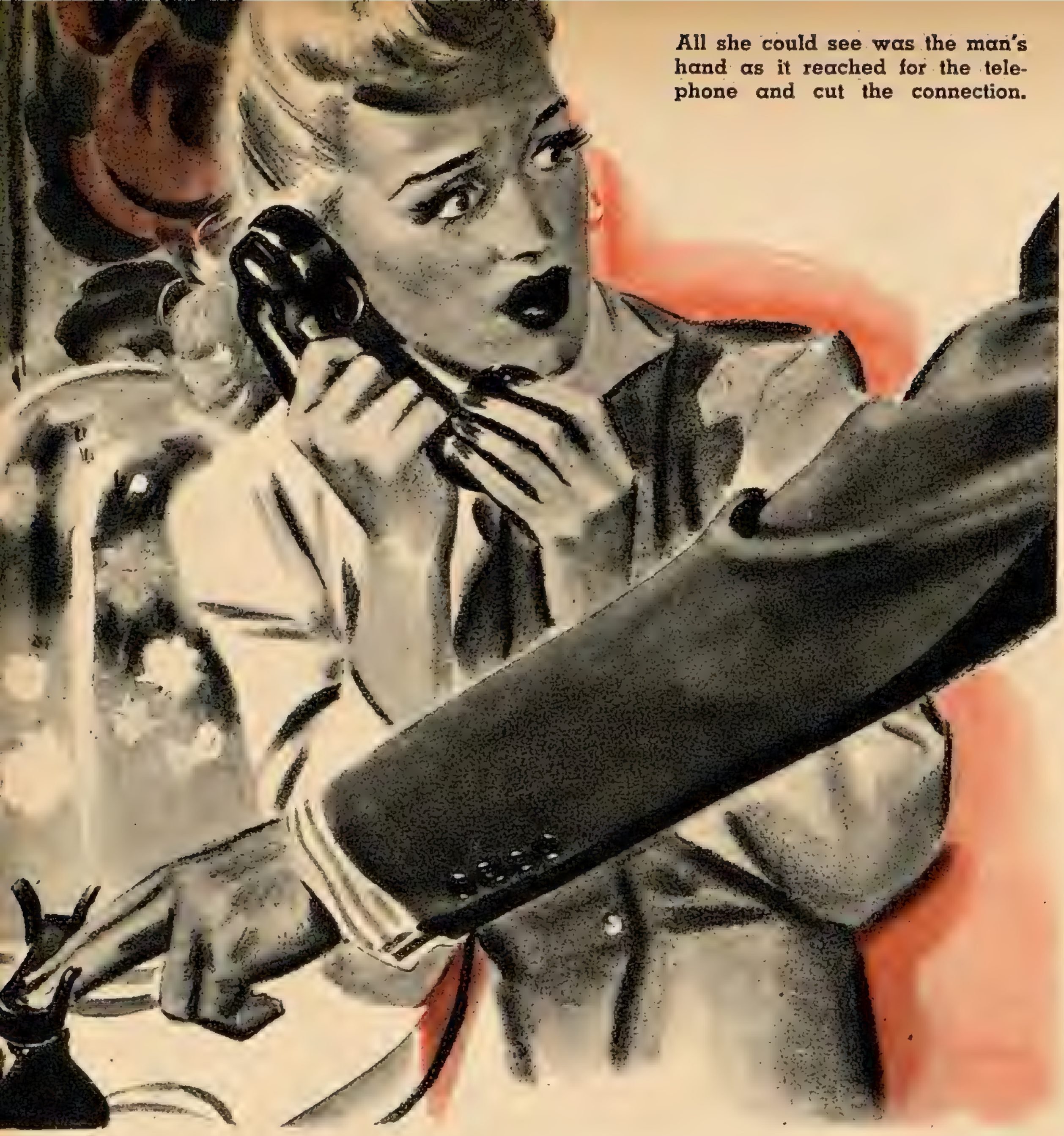
"Seven o'clock, then," Mike said. "It's a date. A short one, but still a date. . . . What's that? Sure, I love you. . . . A kiss? Aw, Chris, I can't do that. Not here! Gosh, if any of the fellers saw me— What?" Furtively he peered through the glass walls of the booth at the confusion and activity surrounding him. The telephone continued to issue inexorable orders. Finally, in desperation, he cupped his hands around his mouth, delivered a barely audible kiss into the adamant transmitter, and hastily hung up. Crimson-faced, he emerged from the booth.

"Hurry up, there, you flat-footed loafers!" Big Mike Nolan roared to his sweating cohorts.

THE house at The Narrows stood as it had stood for a hundred years—solidly, staring arrogantly across the narrow channel through which passed all the shipping that entered or left the harbor. It was alone at the end of a dead-end street, closer to the water than any of the other houses cared to be. In its long life it had seen ships change from sail to steam, had watched the little seaport grow into a great city. It was a sturdy house, square and rather ugly, strictly functional from the captain's walk and glassed-in cupola on top to the short flight of marble steps that Marta the maid kept as clean and white as milk.

Mrs. MacGregor loved the house, loved its bleak, salty setting. Everything of importance that had happened in her life had taken place in its somber rooms, cluttered with the trophies of five generations of seafaring men. More than fifty summers ago her wedding night had been spent in the northwest bedroom. Next day, from the captain's walk on the roof, she had watched Jonathan bring his ship smartly through The Narrows, had waved to him, had waited—dry-eyed—until the ship was hull down in the gray Atlantic. In that same northwest bedroom her children had been born. In that same bed she had lain very still when they told her one quiet night in the spring of 1918 that the Alaric, Captain Jonathan MacGregor commanding, had been torpedoed off the south coast of Ireland.

The house had shared these things and many others. It was an old friend whose moods and habits blended perfectly with her own. For Mrs. MacGregor there had never been any feeling of loneliness or insecurity at The Narrows. Until lately. . . .



All she could see was the man's hand as it reached for the telephone and cut the connection.

She frowned, glancing up from her war knitting at the purple twilight seeping across the green ribbons of marsh grass. She pushed the steel spectacles up on her forehead, and the lamplight gleamed on the strong, patient lines of her face. At her feet Red Loki, the old Irish setter, looked up with dim adoring eyes and thumped his tail on the floor.

"It's all your fault," Mrs. MacGregor said surprisingly to the dog. "You started the whole silly business."

The whole silly business—if it was silly—had started the night before. There had been a thunderstorm, one of the violent ones that slam-banged its way across the harbor on the ebb tide. When Mrs. MacGregor's bedtime came, the air was still tense and sultry with electricity. She had finished her detective story and lighted the silver oil lamp that was a sentimental reminder of the days when she used to light it every night against Jonathan's return. She placed it in the living-room window—exempt from dim-out regulations because it faced the street—and had started up to bed.

But halfway down the dim corridor that led to the small bedroom where she had slept for a quarter of a century, now, a curious thing had happened. Red Loki, ambling sleepily along in front of her, had stopped so suddenly that she almost fell over him. He had stopped and pointed with his nose straight at the closed door of the northwest bedroom and he had whined. Not an angry or a querulous whine—just a surprised whine, as if his still trustworthy nose had brought him a piece of information that his fading old eyes could not corroborate.

NO one had regularly occupied the northwest bedroom since Captain MacGregor died. It had been allowed to remain just as he left it, dusted and aired from time to time, but essentially undisturbed. Mrs. MacGregor wanted it that way. She was not morbid about her husband's death—far from it. But sometimes she liked to go into the room and put her hand on the carved footboard of the old four-poster and let her mind slide back down the hill of memory to the days that really mattered, the days and nights that she and Jonathan had had together.

So, when the dog stopped and whined, she thought merely that he had heard a ship's siren or any of a dozen commonplace noises in the night, and she had said, "Get along, Loki, you confounded hound." The "confounded hound" had got along with a certain show of reluctance, and she had followed him into her own room—closely shuttered in accordance with dim-out regulations—and she might have thought no more about it had it not been for the eerie quality of the night, with the thunder still muttering in the distance and the moan of a buoy a mile offshore. As it was, she did not sleep well, and in her restlessness her mind kept returning to the incident. And finally, hardly knowing why she did it, she had put on a dressing gown and gone down the hall and turned the knob of the door to the northwest bedroom. But the door would not open. The door was locked.

Mrs. MacGregor had stood quite still for a moment, searching her brain for a reason why the door should be locked. It never had been locked, although, like all the other bedrooms in the house, it was equipped with a rather old-fashioned lock and key. But locked it was now, and for an instant Mrs. MacGregor thought of waking up Marta and asking her the meaning of all this, since who but Marta could possibly know the meaning?

THEN she had looked at her watch and discovered that it was almost an hour past midnight. A last growl of thunder rolled in from the sea, and Mrs. MacGregor had told herself, firmly and sensibly, that the explanation—whatever it was—could wait until morning. So she had gone back to bed, stepping carefully over Red Loki, who always slept across the threshold and who seemed definitely to disapprove of such nocturnal excursions, anyway.

She had slept at last, an uneasy troubled sleep, and she had been awake for some time when Marta came in with her early tea—an English custom which Jonathan had always derided but which Mrs. MacGregor thoroughly enjoyed. Marta bobbed a little curtsy, a Continental tradition that always made her mistress feel a trifle foolish. She said good morning in her soft, submissive voice, and put down the tray and pulled up the shades. The early sunlight fell like a sword across her broad, almost Slavic face, glinted on her neat gray hair, and as usual Mrs. MacGregor found herself offering a silent prayer of thanksgiving for Marta, who for six years had been a perfect blend of servant, housekeeper, and companion to a rather lonely old lady.

Red Loki arose and yawned and padded majestically down the hall. From her pillow Mrs. MacGregor watched him closely, but he passed the door to the northwest bedroom without even twitching his ears. In the bright light of morning the episode of the door seemed unimportant—almost unreal. Nevertheless, Mrs. MacGregor said casually, "Why is the northwest bedroom door locked, Marta?"

The servant's wide blue eyes opened a little wider. "Locked, madame?" she repeated. "I don't think it's locked."

"It is, though," said Mrs. MacGregor. "Go and try it yourself."

Obediently Marta went to the door and turned the knob. And Mrs. MacGregor, sitting up suddenly in bed, saw the door swing inward. Marta came back smiling apologetically as if ashamed of having proven her employer wrong.

Mrs. MacGregor reached for her dressing gown.

(Continued on page 38)

A Fireside Chat to the nation, and to the world, in June, 1938—three short months before Munich.

PHOTOS © HARRIS & EWING

ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM BY 10 AUTHORITIES

Second of a distinguished series on the President, from ten points of view—Here a noted historian and analyst views him from the standpoint of the world

BY PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Author of *Days of Our Years, That Day Alone*, etc.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

TODAY, with mankind going through one of the greatest crises of all time, it is Franklin Delano Roosevelt on whom, more than on any one else, are centered the hopes and the aspirations of the common man everywhere in the world. In the titanic struggle between the forces of good and evil which has once more been unleashed in our day, it is the thirty-second President of the United States who stands forth as the symbol of the undying faith of hundreds of millions in the ultimate defeat of the powers that have set out to enslave the world.

From the dikes of Holland to the broad valleys of China, from Norway to Arabia and from the frozen tundras of Siberia to the grisly ghettos of Poland, wherever free men still assemble and pray for liberation the name of Roosevelt is pronounced with awe and religious fervor. Although to many of the victims of Axis horror and ruthless aggression the man in the White House is only a name, the mention of him, often only in a whisper, has an almost magic effect in rousing new hope and a new will to survive. Instinctively the people of all lands, the German people not excluded, feel that the Chief Executive of the American government is the principal and predestined antagonist of Hitler and of all that the Nazi-Fascist philosophy of power and conquest stands for.

This is so not only because Roosevelt has behind him the almost unlimited resources in man power and material of the richest continent in the world, but because the President was perhaps the first to recognize the global scope of the plot the Nazis had for years been hatching in secret. Even at a time when skilled and experienced European statesmen and diplomats believed that devices and formulas could be found to confine and control Nazi Germany's expansionist ambitions, Roosevelt saw and unmasked Hitler's full designs for nothing less than world conquest. In the eyes of mankind he emerged even then, long before America took up arms, as the coming challenger of the Nazi philosophy of might over right.

More than Britain's unexpected powers of resistance after Dunkirk, more than the surprising fighting capacities of the Red Army, Franklin Delano Roosevelt's uncompromising devotion to the democratic way of life proved Hitler's major miscalculation. Since America's virtual withdrawal from international affairs after the last war and the repudiation of Woodrow Wilson's ideals of an organized world society, not only Hitler but the whole of Europe had discounted America as a factor in any eventual European conflict of the future. Nothing in the foreign policy or in the pronouncements of President Wilson's successors had, it must be said, in any way changed the European impression of America's continued and consistent attitude of indifference to Europe's daily increasing tension.

I recall very vividly, for instance, how on one occasion, when I was a guest at the home of Field Marshal Göring, then only a captain in the Air Force, my reference to the possibility of America interfering once more with Germany's drive for world domination, which Göring confidentially predicted for the near future, evoked a gale of laughter from the assembled guests. Göring himself, whose laughter was loudest, put his hand patronizingly on my shoulder and said:

"The Americans are not only the most unsuspecting people in the world, but, I assure you, they will never again allow themselves to become entangled in what are, after all, European and primarily German interests. The Americans are business men and are concerned only with the philosophy of the dollar. They have written off Europe as a bad debt. And I don't blame them for it in the least. In fact, I have the greatest respect for the American nation, for they have now learned to mind their own business. As to ever venturing again onto the slippery battlefields of Europe, there is as little chance of that as of my sleeping in a ditch tonight.

"You," he continued, "seem to think that the hard-boiled, shrewd Yankee bargainers who burned their fingers once will some day ride again on a wave of sentimentalism of the kind President Wilson set in motion. Wilson was a freak, an exception to the rule. To talk about Americans sticking their nose into our business here is like saying that the man in the moon is going to snatch this delicious cream puff out of my hand. I assure you that the leader who would be foolish enough to attempt to stop Germany's march to world power has not yet been born, and never will be born in a democracy."

EVEN in France, where there was of course the remembrance of America's decisive intervention in the last war, very few among the political leaders ever expected to see America abandon her isolationist stand and again take an interest in European affairs. Frequently I was told by men responsible for the destiny of the French Republic, at moments when the menace of German resurgence loomed larger and larger, that they had resigned themselves to the idea that America could not be counted upon to participate in a system of world-wide collective security. *"Malheureusement,"* Edouard Herriot said to me more than once, *"le Président Wilson n'a pas laissé d'héritier"*—Unfortunately, President Wilson left no successor. American idealism died with him.

They had all reckoned without Roosevelt. They all failed to recognize in him a leader who, while concentrating during the first years of his administration on purely domestic economic and social problems, thought in terms of the oneness of the world, viewing it as a single living organism with many members none of which could function healthily as long as others were diseased or maimed. His oft-reiterated desire for peace was interpreted as strict adherence to the isolationist policy of his predecessors in office. His last-minute personal appeals to the rulers of the totalitarian countries not to go to war were taken as evidence of a naïve ignorance of the inevitability of a struggle for power and for a redivision of the world's markets. It never dawned on Hitler, Mussolini, and the men of their entourage that Roosevelt's exertions to preserve peace by personal appeals were the actions of a far-visioned leader who knew that the American people needed incontrovertible evidence that the Axis Powers could not be deterred from their intention to divide the world's riches among themselves.

Six months before Hitler, on September 1, 1939, hurled his blitz attack against Poland, Roosevelt had ceased to cherish any illusions about the character and scope of the Nazi plans. While vacationing at Warm Springs, Georgia, the President confided his views to a group of reporters, requesting, however, that they refrain from attributing the statement to him. In this statement, the authorship of which he was to acknowledge a few days before Japan's onslaught on Pearl Harbor, he very clearly pointed out that there was "no apparent limit" to Hitler's appetite and that the German dictator would attempt to carry out his expansionist plans "on an increasing scale in any part of the world."

"From our point of view," said Roosevelt, "such a policy [of expansionism] would, in the absence of any check to it, mean German domination not only in all the small nations of Europe but very possibly in other continents."

At the outbreak of the war Roosevelt was fully aware that America's frontiers had been moved right to the battle front of Europe. Not for an instant did he doubt that an isolationist policy could not prevent our becoming involved in the conflict and would

With Churchill last June, after a meeting with the Pacific War Council.

In his White House study with Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov.

Warning the Axis enemies, in his Fireside Chat last winter, that the war would be carried to them, he pointed to a map.

merely assure our defeat. Yet, despite this unshakable conviction, Roosevelt knew only too well that the American people, lulled into a feeling of security by a deceiving geographical position and confirmed in this feeling by the skillful propaganda of his opponents, were completely detached, psychologically speaking, from the European war. To America, the idea of a European Power bold and strong enough to scheme the subjugation of "faraway" continents then seemed fantastic.

Roosevelt, whom political antagonists have tried to picture as a man of dictatorial tendencies, always believed—and, for that matter, even today, in the midst of an unprecedented crisis, still believes—that a government can be effective only to the extent that it enjoys the support of a great majority of its people. How many times during the difficult weekends he spent at Hyde Park—sitting at the very same mahogany desk and in the same chair that Wilson used on the S. S. George Washington on his return trip from Europe—how many times was he confronted with this difficulty of bringing to his own people an understanding of his conviction that their country was in actual danger!

The problem facing him seemed almost insurmountable: how, in the light of the rapid development of events in Europe, to mobilize a country which felt itself wholly and safely remote from the theater of war. To him, a naval man well acquainted with the lightning speed of modern warfare, the globe in his study spoke unmistakably of the reduction of distances of thousands of miles to only a few hours of flying time. In the peaceful atmosphere of his own beloved country he could almost hear the thundering roar of the European battle. Yet to the average American the reports of the Nazi blueprints for intercontinental war sounded like an old wives' tale.

From the very first day of the European war Roosevelt was beset by the double problem of preparing the United States for the inevitable conflict and at the same time making the people understand that this war, though thousands of miles away, was *their* war, was nothing less than a war for survival.

THE people of Europe, however, to whom Roosevelt's voice came only intermittently and through a mist of hostile propaganda, recognized in his first move, the declaration of a limited national emergency on September 8, 1939, a portent that Wilson's mantle of world leadership had fallen on the shoulders of America's first Democratic President since World War I. And when, a few weeks later, President Roosevelt, in a sublime gesture of candor, admitted his error in having signed the Neutrality Act on May 1, 1937, and asked Congress to repeal it, even the chancelleries of Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo realized that America's isolationist era had come to an end.

From that day on Franklin Delano Roosevelt tenaciously, consistently, and successfully counteracted Hitler's shrewd political and military game of waging a war of world conquest on the installment plan by subduing Europe first and then turning on the Western Hemisphere. From the very beginning the leader of the world's most powerful democracy made it unequivocally clear that the sympathies and interests of America were indissolubly bound up with those of the foes of Nazism. While calamity howlers and defeatists set up a deafening clamor that Hitler's new order in Europe would be an accomplished fact before this country could even make the tools for the production of war materials, Roosevelt, with a Lincolnesque inner fortitude, went on with the work of transforming America into a gigantic military, naval, and aerial war machine which even while still in the making threw ever-lengthening shadows over the triumphant battlefields of the Axis Powers and filled their opponents with an invincible hope.

Long before the first American-made tanks and planes reached England, Roosevelt's announced policy of all-out aid to Britain and her allies proved a most realistic factor in stemming Hitler's drive for final victory in Europe. Even before America's war production had started, her share in Europe's resistance to Hitler was most vital.

To the military experts of London it unquestionably was obvious right along that American material aid to Britain and her allies would, under even the most favorable conditions, be available only in the relatively distant future. They knew that American production would begin to tip the balance in the unequal struggle only at the end of 1942 or the beginning of 1943. Churchill knew it in the fall of 1940, when Hitler loosed his murderous aerial warfare on London, and Stalin knew it in October, 1941, when the Nazi legions were racing toward Leningrad and Moscow. Yet upon the heroic defenders of the British Isles and of Moscow Roosevelt's promise of aid had decisive effect. Strange and illogical though it may appear on the surface, he had a very real share in the miracle of England's defense and in the incredible resisting power of the Russians.

It was in a certain sense a triumph of his personality over material elements. It was a victory of human hopes over statistical tables. Roosevelt's undaunted determination to oppose to Hitler's plan for world conquest the full power of the world's richest continent, no matter how many years of preparation and suffering this might take, had captured the imagination of the British and Russian peoples so completely that it multiplied their strength to resist and to hold off the enemy till real aid should come.

Future historians of this war, in their analyses of the many factors which stopped Hitler on his road to final victory, will have to agree that even before America was forced into the war Roosevelt's foreign policy had a great, perhaps a determining effect on the consolidation of British and Russian resistance. For, from that sweltering day in August, 1940, when, disregarding all red-tape barriers, he provided Britain with fifty American destroyers to fight the Nazi submarines, to the daylight raid by American flyers on German airfields in the Netherlands on July 4 of this year, Roosevelt has gone steadily forward. His successive steps have constituted one continuous act of faith in the spirit of democracy and its power to triumph over the Axis.

While Britain and her allies were losing battles to Hitler on virtually every front, Roosevelt, far from discouraged, answered every new Axis success with a more resolute move to strengthen the last line of democracy's defense. As early as the end of 1940 he set up in Washington the Office of Production Management to direct and speed all material aid "short of war" for Great Britain and the other democracies. At the same time, he bluntly warned the American people that the Axis would attack the United States if Britain were defeated, and that "those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

THIS Rooseveltian call for all-out resistance made an even deeper impression in Europe than in this country. It sounded a clarion note that told the peoples of Europe that America was stripping for action for a fight to the finish. When Hitler countered by predicting that Germany would win the war in 1941 against any combination of foes, the duel between Hitler and Roosevelt began in earnest. Even Hitler's boast that the Germans had "taken every possibility into our calculations since the beginning" failed to reassure his followers. The German and Italian people now sensed that they would have to defeat America if they were to win the war.

The passage of the Lend-Lease Bill, followed by Roosevelt's policy of "dynamic nonbelligerence"—which in effect meant the mobilization of men and materials on an unprecedented scale—served more than anything else to convince China and Russia that Hitler had met his match and that Roosevelt was consistently outplanning and outguessing the master planners of Munich.

British factory workers, toiling overtime to produce weapons of war, feel that Roosevelt represents the best guaranty of an uncompromising victory and a complete peace. The Russian soldier, going into battle with a song on his lips, knows that in faraway America there is a man who is preparing a more powerful and more efficient war machine than Hitler could ever dream of. That this man Roosevelt will not rest until the Germans are smashed, the private in Timoshenko's army believes with childlike faith. Among the millions of Chinese patriots fighting to the last ditch, among the epic guerrillas of the Yugoslav General Draja Mihailovitch in the Serbian mountains, among the legions of underground fighters in Czechoslovakia and Belgium and France, the name of Roosevelt, I am told, is being used as a password for the most dangerous expeditions. To them that name denotes intrepid courage.

Efficient though German propaganda and censorship are, they have not been able to shut out the forceful features and youthful voice of the President of the United States. Throughout Europe and Asia pictures of him are being circulated as good-luck charms. and short-wave radios are tuned in on his messages at the risk of death. Typical also of the hope that is centered on him everywhere in the world was the information that came not long ago from one of the worst ghetto cities the Germans have established in eastern Poland. There an old rabbi was said to be searching the Scriptures with cabalistic calculations for the name of Roosevelt, in the firm belief that there must be a prophecy indicating Roosevelt as another Cyrus, deliverer of Israel.

Right above this Nazi soldier strutting in occupied Athens is a street sign reading, in Greek: Avenue Franklin Roosevelt.

WHAT the good old Dutch name of Roosevelt means to the people of Holland may perhaps best be illustrated with an incident that occurred in the course of the evening service in the Reformed Church of Zutphen on the Sunday following the arrest of Dr. Colijn, the former Premier, by the Nazis. The story came to me in the last letter received from Holland before the mail service to and from that country was discontinued. An uncle of mine, a minister, wrote it.

He preached a sermon that evening from the text: "And David went to Ziklag and strengthened himself in the Lord." In the course of his homily he said that from time to time King David retired from the cares and burdens of state to the small town, even "as some modern statesmen in our time occasionally escape from their most pressing work to find new strength in meditation and stillness and in prayer for divine guidance. For instance," added the preacher, "this week we learned through the press that Mr. Roosevelt, the American President, has retired to his home on the Hudson . . ."

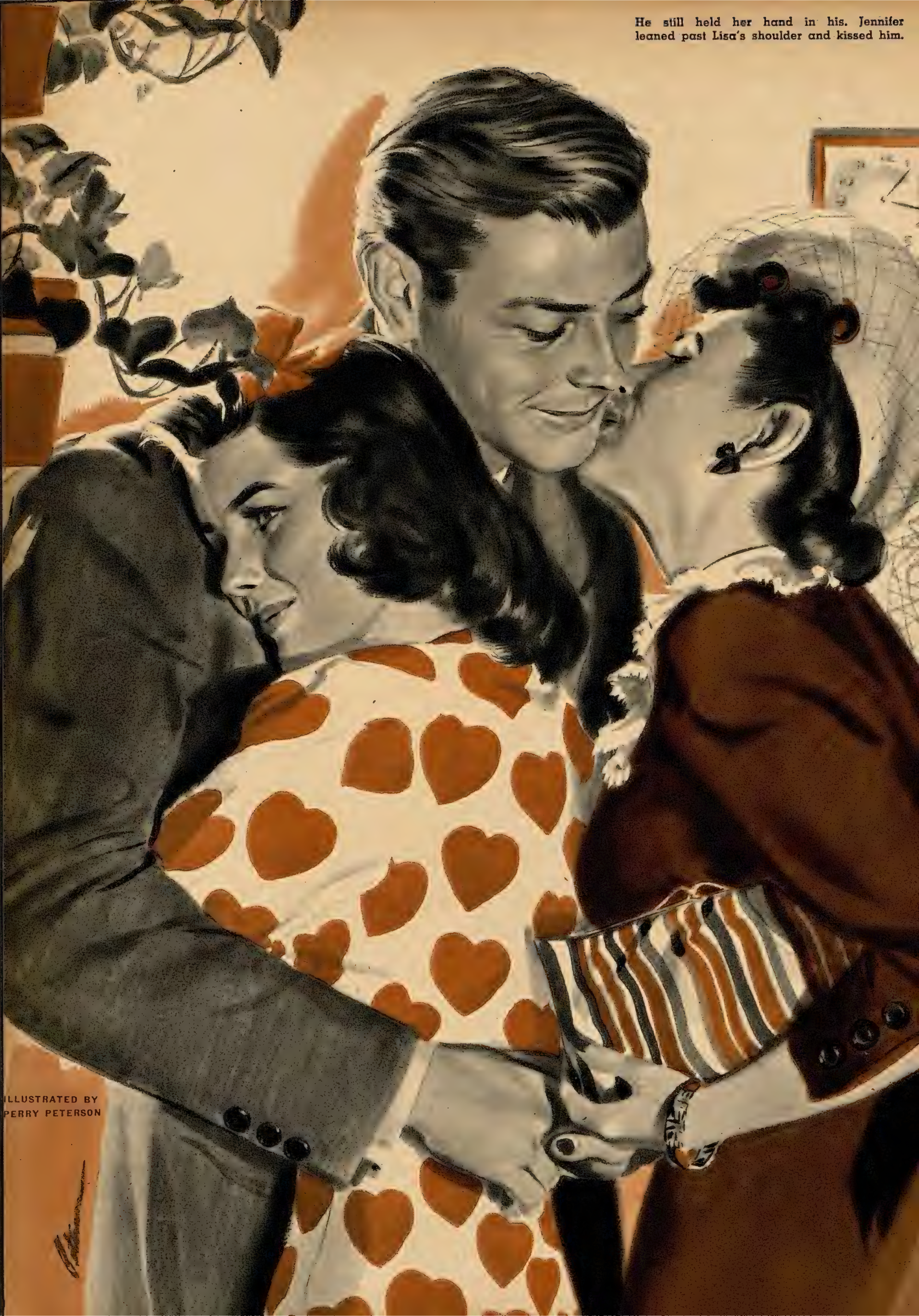
"Scarcely had the word Roosevelt been pronounced," the letter continues, "when, to my great surprise, I saw the elders rise in their seats, and then the whole congregation, and then suddenly a voice intoned the words of the familiar hymn, with our old organ breaking in: *De Heer zal U steeds gadeslaan en waar g'U ook heen moogt spoeden voor eeuwig U behoeden*—The Lord will constantly follow you with His eyes, wherever you may go He will be with you always.

"Certain strangers in our church that evening," the letter remarks significantly, "looked on in uncomprehending amazement at this spontaneous outburst of song from the congregation, many of whom wept unashamed. . . ."

Strange—is it not?—that in times of dying faith, when death chants are being intoned for all that is best and noblest on earth, there also appear those men on whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of the prophets. These men are not always recognized immediately. But history knows them. History will know Franklin Delano Roosevelt as one of the greatest.

Next week Liberty will present Mr. Roosevelt drawn from life, in words and with a crayon, by S. J. Woolf, the artist who has several times sat beside him and portrayed him.

He still held her hand in his. Jennifer leaned past Lisa's shoulder and kissed him.



ILLUSTRATED BY
PERRY PETERSON

PRETEND NO MORE

Romance! . . . The story of a girl who lived a gallant lie—until love came along

BY CECILE GILMORE

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

"WAKE up, mother! It's almost eight o'clock."

Jennifer Townsend turtled as far as her toes would go in the opened-out living-room sofa and tried to pretend her ears deceived her. "Mummy! You'll be late for the shop."

So Jennifer opened her eyes and smiled, and thought, What have John and I done to deserve anything half so lovely as Lisa? And, even a plain child should look sweet at eighteen, but Lisa is like a little perfect piece of delicate carving, all curved and tinted. And I cannot bear what we are doing to her life!

Lisa's dark fashionable bob swung forward in a glossy mass as she bent to kiss her mother's cheek. "Here's a nice cup of coffee for you, darling," she said. "It's better than yesterday's, I think—I hope."

"Thank you, dear. You shouldn't have bothered." Jennifer sat up briskly and reached for her shabby negligee. Sunshine poured through the long curtains of apricot silk gauze and touched up the room's familiar treasures: John's grand piano in one corner, the handsome old mahogany drop-leaf table, John's books on the bookshelves, polished brasses on the hearth—and Lisa's evening clothes strewn about over the pale green velvet chairs.

"HOW are you, Lisa?" Jennifer took a sip of the bitter stuff and repressed a shudder. "Did you have a good time last night?"

"Oh, marvelous!" Lisa pulled her long blue robe skintight around her and sat down on the foot of the bed. "Mother, I met the man. His name is Bruce Gibbons and he's bee-youtiful! And he likes *me*, too. For two cents I'd elope with him—if he'd ask me."

Jennifer's brown eyes, so like her daughter's in color, so different in shape, were on the closed bathroom door. She could listen through Lisa's chatter to the hum of John's electric razor. In another five minutes he would have bathed and dried himself, cleaned the tub, turned on the water for her bath and tossed in a lordly handful of lemon verbena salts.

She said, "Tell me about him, darling. But be quick. I can't be late this morning. Is he the Bruce Gibbons whose mother runs all the charities and things?"

"Ah-huh." Lisa's head bobbed emphatically. "That's the one. He's taking me to Sarah Crosby's dance at Pierre's Friday night. And, mother—"

"What, dear?"

"Could I have a new dress? That old black net is moldy!"

"Lisa—" Jennifer set her cup down carefully on the end table. We've no right to do this to her, she thought desperately. Letting her grow up with youngsters she can't possibly afford to keep up with. We're living like charlatans, hiding, deceiving, pretending. Some day she's going to break her heart. . . .

"Darling," she said, "there isn't time for me to make you a dress by Friday, and as for buying one—" Jennifer frowned and bit her lip. "Your father's dress clothes are actually shabby. He has to have new tails before we buy another stitch for ourselves, dear. His appearance on the concert platform is part of his stock in trade, you know."

"Oh, all right, mother. I just thought I'd ask." Lisa's cheerful grin bit into her cheeks, showing her dimples and small, even white teeth. "Can I have a camellia, then? For my hair? Can I?"

How good she is, Jennifer thought. How blessedly *good.* "I guess so, darling. We'll see. Go bang on the door and ask your father to hurry— Oh, good morning, John!" He looks pale, she thought. Sleeping on that wretched bunk and worrying. If only Schling would get him more engagements!

The tall blond man in the doorway belted his dressing gown tightly around his trim middle. Jennifer had a swift vision of him as she had first seen him: John Lynn Townsend, slender and elegant in his formal black and white, striding from the wings of the big stage—the applause—his grave bow—the brilliant glance over the audience where an unknown girl watched with quickening heartbeats. . . .

He walked over to the sofa and kissed her. "Arise, my love, and come away to the bathtub. It's all ready for you."

"John, you have a cold!" Prosaic wifely words, but his eyes read hers as easily as a man looks at the palm of his hand and his lips had rested a long hungry moment against her mouth.

"It's nothing," he said, and turned his head and coughed. "Just husky. Was that my little rabbit stomping around in here at two o'clock this morning?"

"Daddy! I was absolutely quiet and it was one o'clock, not two." Lisa bounced up indignantly.

"Oh, really? I was sound asleep. Just checking up on you." He grinned. "I'll run along now and let you girls get dressed." He faked an operatic farewell to Lisa, nibbling her left ear, and strode off to the kitchen.

ALL day, at the shop, Jennifer felt worry gnawing at her like a living thing.

If John should fall ill now, with a concert tour coming along, after almost a year of poor bookings— Besides, there's no room for a sickbed in the apartment—where would we put him?

At the thought, a wave of bitterness swept her. What was the sense of living in a fashionable Park Avenue apartment house where even the tips at Christmas were four times what they could afford? Three grown people squeezed into a living room, kitchen, bath, and tiny foyer. Lisa and she sharing the sofa at night, John sleeping on a—on a *board* in the kitchen! All because the address was impressive and an artist of John's age and standing had to keep up appearances. At least, those were John's arguments, and Jennifer had let him sign the three-year lease.

She, the practical one, should have known better. But John had said that Lisa should be sent away to a good boarding school and spend most of her summers in camp with other well brought up New York girls. It was the way for city children to make the right friends.

And then, as if in punishment, Jennifer thought, for arranging their lives without space for their daughter, John had one of the worst seasons of his career.

They had been obliged at midterm to take Lisa out of the school she loved. Jennifer had gone quietly out and found a job selling dresses in a fashionable shop where her voice and appearance were accepted in lieu of experience, but where the salary was as slim as the mannequins who whipped in and out of the gowns.

It was John, with his strong clever hands, who had solved their immediate problem of where they were all to sleep after Lisa came home. In the sunny kitchen, against the wall intended for rows of copper pans, John had built himself a bunk.

It was a long, shallow, horizontal cupboard with a door that let down over the kitchen table. By day it was closed; by night it was John's bed.

"I intend to patent it," he told Lisa grandly. "With a few changes so that it serves *two* purposes, bed by night, kitchen table by day."

Jennifer had cried the first night he

went to bed on it. "Now, Jenny—there, there—" John had put his arms around her and smiled at poor little Lisa, who stood, embarrassed and miserable, pretending to look out of the window. "That's no way to treat a man's invention. There are worse places to sleep than on a kitchen table."

Friday morning John left for a series of piano recitals in New England. It meant that Jennifer could have his bed in the kitchen and the living room would be free when Lisa came home from Sarah Crosby's dance.

Jennifer helped her dress. Two camellias, at a dollar and a quarter apiece, glowed like her heart's blood, one in Lisa's hair, one where the black net met the snowy little bosom. Jennifer had spent an extra dollar for a handful of white freesias to fill the silver bowl and scent the firelit room.

Bruce Gibbons may or may not have noticed them—his forthright gray gaze seemed magnetized to Lisa from the moment she came through the bathroom door.

Jennifer, seeing them out through the pint-sized foyer and into the elevator, thought with a smile, So that's "the man I love," and promptly forgot them in the luxury of taking off her shoes and stretching out on the sofa to read.

AT eleven o'clock she put out the tray that always awaited Lisa's return from a party: two glasses, a thermos pitcher of milk, a siphon of charged water, and graham crackers. Then she went to bed.

Tossing miserably on John's hard bunk, she thought of Bruce Gibbons' puzzled glance around the living room when he first came in—or was that her imagination? People with something to conceal are always imagining they're found out, she thought bitterly.

If only they'd come right out from the first and told everybody; but they hadn't. "It's bad enough to live as you and I do, John," she had said once. "Cut off from each other. Never a moment alone. But it's worse for Lisa, our pretending all those doors lead to rooms we haven't got. Evading—lying!"

His glance had followed hers—the door leading to the bathroom, the door to the kitchen, two more doors to large dressing closets, one for John's things, one for Lisa's and hers. In the little foyer there was still another door, opening on a coat closet.

"Darling, I hate it, too. I could kick myself for getting us into it."

Jennifer had even thought of saying casually, "Lisa, your father and I would rather not keep up these false pretenses. Wouldn't you just as soon tell everybody the way we live—make a joke of it?"

Then she thought of Lisa's friends. "That's Lisa Townsend. My dear, her father sleeps in the kitchen! *Actually!*" Their fresh young voices measuring out judgment without understanding, their eyes coolly contemptuous. No, it mustn't happen to Lisa.

She turned on her side and peered through the dark at the luminous hands of the wall clock beside the white enamel stove. Almost one o'clock. She must go to sleep. . . .

The sound of voices aroused her. Jennifer thought she must have dozed. Some one had said, quite loudly, "I'll get some more milk," and Lisa's voice, sharp and quick: "No! I mean, don't bother. I don't think there is any more."

Jennifer's heart cringed with sympathy. Bruce must have seized the pitcher and marched toward the kitchen door.

"Lisa darling—" His voice was different now. There was a boyish, husky quality in it. "You're sweet. You're different from the others. There's so much about you I want to know. And so little time—"

Jennifer pulled John's blanket over her ears.

Presently the front door closed and then there was Lisa's whisper: "Mother? Are you awake?" She came closer and bent over Jennifer's head in the dark. "Mother?"

The faint natural young fragrance of her made Jennifer think of new grasses and the sweet smell of clean little new puppies when you held them against your cheek.

"Mother, come get in bed with me now, won't you? I have lots and lots to tell you. Darling, Bruce is going to be an aviator. He's enlisted. Isn't it sickening?"

Jennifer, rising thankfully from John's Spartan bed, fumbled in the dark for her slippers. "Really? When does he go?" She longed for sleep; her whole body felt drugged with fatigue.

"Almost any day now. And I'm so in love with him!"

Jennifer reached the lighted living room and turned. "You're very young, Lisa," she said, and thought, In a week she'll get over it.

"I'm older than you think," her daughter told her gravely.

JENNIFER opened out the eggshell satin sofa and made it into a double bed while Lisa undressed. The warmth of the flower-scented room tugged at her eyelids. She was whirling off to sleep again when Lisa slipped into bed.

"Mother? Are you asleep?"

Jennifer's smile was wry. "Yes, I am, dear. What was it?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, mum. It's just that Bruce is coming to see me tomorrow evening—"

"I'll go to the movies."

"*Will* you, darling?" Lisa's sigh was pure relief. "I hate your having to lurk around like that. I never minded much before—how we live, I mean. But I couldn't bear to have Bruce know about us. Mother?"

"What, Lisa?"

"Oh—nothing. Don't tell daddy what I said, will you? I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. Only I'd rather die than have Bruce know he slept in the *kitchen,* of all places." Jennifer reached over and patted her in silence.

For a few days Lisa's happiness was a thread that festooned the small apartment from corner to corner like a golden spider web. If Bruce wasn't on the telephone, he was deep in one of the green velvet chairs with his long legs stretched at ease. Or they were off somewhere to skate or dance. They crowded incredible chunks of time, as only the young can do, within the days' limits.

Jennifer wished desperately for John to come home and give ballast to Lisa's flights of rapture. She had an uneasy feeling that the pitch was too high for any mortal to maintain. It was almost a premonition, Jennifer thought.

IT became definitely a premonition one evening when she came in from the shop and paused in the little foyer to hang up her coat and hat.

Bruce's voice was distinct: "Never saw so many doors. Where does that one lead?"

"The bathroom."

"And those two?"

"Our—our bedrooms." Lisa's voice sounded taut.

"Oh, and that's the kitchen, isn't it? How's your cooking? I'm hot stuff with a hamburger myself."

Lisa's laugh was light, but Jennifer's heart heard only that timid falsehood bedded like a dark and treacherous rock beneath the bright surface of her child's happiness.

And then, as suddenly as he had appeared, Bruce disappeared from their lives. He dropped out of sight completely. Lisa's face grew still and pinched. If only she would complain, thought Jennifer, I could stand it.

"I don't quite know what's happened between them," she wrote to John, "but, whatever it is, I think we are in some way to blame. They are only children, of course, but if you could see her, John! See that little, haunted face. . . ."

What am I going to *do* about her? thought Jennifer. It was the morning after she had mailed her letter to John. Lisa brought in her mother's morning coffee just as a soft, swishing sound indicated mail being slid under the front door. There was a letter from John, from Keene, New Hampshire. He wrote that his agent had wired him to extend the trip, playing in two or three other New England towns. "Not much money in them, but almost all profit, since I'm in this neck of the woods anyway. . . . My cold still hangs on—the weather has been beastly. Slush to the eyebrows outside and the concert halls overheated . . ."

Lisa sat on the side of the bed, with Jennifer's cup in her hand, and listened to the letter.

Jennifer said, "That cold should be attended to. Oh, dear—" She folded the closely written sheets and put them back in the cheap hotel envelope.

"Do you remember," Lisa said suddenly, "the time I told a lie and grandmother washed out my mouth with soap?"

Jennifer looked up quickly. "I certainly do. I was furious with mother. You looked like a little mad dog, frothing and sputtering—"

"I was sick on her best carpet, too," Lisa said, with a faint smile. "Oh, mother—" She flung herself sobbing on her mother's breast, the empty cup and saucer rattling on the blanket beside her.

Jennifer rescued the china and put her arms tightly around the shaking little body. If only I could bear it for you! she thought, smoothing Lisa's hair. "I know," she said soothingly—"I know." She reached with one arm for a fresh handkerchief in the drawer of the end table.

"MOTHER, I lied to him. Oh, it was only a little lie, but from that moment everything seemed to go wrong. He couldn't have known, but he—I don't know; he seemed to change. And then he just went away. We didn't quarrel or anything—"

Jennifer held her quietly. "He'll come back, dear," she said at last. "If he loves you, he will. If he doesn't love you, you wouldn't want him back, would you?"

"Yes. Yes, I would! He's all I want in the world—ever!"

"Well, darling, whatever happens, if you see him again, you must tell him everything quite frankly. About our arrangements here."

"I couldn't." Lisa's stricken eyes met hers. "Not *now,* mother, after he's ditched me!"

Jennifer sighed. Presently she got up and dressed and went to the shop.

Lisa folded and put away bedding, made the bed back into a sofa, ran the vacuum, dusted. By then it was lunchtime. She poured herself a glass of milk and nibbled listlessly at a pear.

The phone rang just as she was putting the milk bottle away. Answering, Lisa turned bright pink.

"Yes, Bruce. . . . Tomorrow? . . . Pensacola—that's Florida, isn't it? . . . Oh, I see."

"I just thought I'd say good-by," he said casually.

"Well, good-by." Her voice was flat.

"Look," he said quickly. "I'm down at the corner. Come on down and we'll have a soda, or walk in the park, or something."

"Well—all right. I'll be down."

They walked in Central Park, but it did no good. Lisa's throat closed over every time she looked at his lean brown boyish face. There was so much to talk about, so little to say. He seemed miles away, as though already he had flown to the other side of the world. She thought, Why did you call me up? Why didn't you just go, and be done with it? But if he had—if he had gone off without a word—I would have died!

"I suppose you're busy making the rounds, telling people good-by," she said. "By the dozen."

He shook his head. "You're the only one I've said good-by to." He hesitated. "I hate it—saying good-bys, I mean."

She waited, her heart on tiptoe, for what might come next; but he kept silence, walking along with his hands swinging loosely at his sides.

Lisa swallowed. "Me, I'm an expert," she told him brightly. "What with everybody going off to the wars, I get lots of practice."

He glanced at her with bleak eyes. Presently he took her home. "Well, good-by, Lisa." He said it at the door.

"Good-by, Bruce." Her heart felt sodden. She held out one hand, the other behind her, nails biting into palm. A moment later the elevator door glided between them and he was gone.

Lisa went into the living room and sat down, only to spring up quickly at a sound from the kitchen. "Lisa! Jenny! Where are you? It's so hot! Open a window."

"Say, either there is really some meat in this sandwich or I just bit my tongue!"

It was her father's voice, but she had never heard it like that before. She flew into the kitchen and found him lying on his bunk. His face looked like a stranger's, all red, with restless, over-bright eyes.

He looked at her pleadingly. "The sky," he said in a hoarse voice. "It's too bright. Draw the curtain over the sky, please, nurse—"

"Father!" Lisa took one terrified long look, and backed away toward the door. "Bruce!"

She turned and ran to the house phone, her thumb frantic against the button. "Mr. Bruce Gibbons," she gasped to the doorman in the lobby. "Stop him, please. Ask him to come back. This is Miss Townsend."

She opened the front door and left it ajar, then ran back to her father. She was standing beside him, clutching his hot hand tightly in hers, when Bruce came.

"Help me!" she begged. "It's my father. He's delirious. Bruce, what shall we *do?"*

"It's all right, darling," he said, and touched her shoulder briefly. "I'll get a doctor. You stay here with him. And, Lisa—don't be frightened. It's going to be all right."

She stood beside John while Bruce talked to a doctor and called an ambulance. He asked her where he could reach her mother, and telephoned Jennifer.

John talked on and on, his words thick and queer. Lisa clung to his hot, powder-dry hand and sobbed. Bruce stayed close beside her.

THE doctor diagnosed influenza. Lisa wanted to go along in the ambulance that carried John away, but Bruce said she must wait until her mother came. "I'll take you both over," he said. "I think she'd rather you waited for her." He was so calm and competent he reminded Lisa of Jennifer.

He tidied up the place, closed the front door behind the stretcher-bearers, and went about hanging up John's hat and coat in the right closet. Lisa followed him around, puppy fashion, asking to be reassured.

"Is flu terribly dangerous, Bruce? Did you feel how hot his hands were?"

"They'll know what to do for it. There are all sorts of new treatments now." He was folding the bedclothes of John's bunk. "How do you close this thing?"

Lisa pointed to the catch that held the supports rigid. "Dad's wonderful invention," she said, with a sob. "He was s-so sweet and f-funny about it—"

Bruce turned suddenly and gathered her in his long arms. "You do trust me," he whispered. "You called me when you needed somebody. Thank you for that, darling." He kissed her, standing between the stove and the hard bare planks of John's bed.

Lisa's tear-streaked face quivered

(*Continued on page 41*)

Friends through the years: what drove these leaders apart?—The inside story of U. S. labor's greatest feud—a fight that may affect the life of a whole nation

LEWIS VS.

BY SAMUEL CARTER

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

FOR twenty-five years John L. Lewis and Philip Murray were friends. Their friendship was welded when the C. I. O. was fighting to be born. Through the organization's growth and struggles, through victories and defeats, these two leaders stood and battled side by side.

Philip Murray is not sentimental. But at the C. I. O. Convention in 1940 his eyes were wet when Lewis handed him the gavel and stepped down as head of the Congress of Industrial Organizations. John L. Lewis is really tough, but that night he had to blink back tears when he spoke of his "old friend, Phil Murray."

Today these two men are enemies. Their enmity, their fight may well affect the lives of American workers—the life of the nation as a whole.

Who is to blame?

You won't be able to judge by what is being said on either side. John L. is a mighty man with words. But in Philip Murray there is a quiet intensity, a simple way of speaking that must be heard and respected.

Look all over the country, and you won't find two other men whose personal characteristics are so totally different. The one thing that originally brought them together was that both believed passionately in unionization. Both were sons of workers. Both had felt the need for unions because of bitter experiences.

Phil Murray was born in 1886, the son of a Scottish miner. His father was a liberal, devoted to Robert Peel and William Ewart Gladstone, and was a studious man, poring over books even after a day in the mines. He passed this love of books on to his son. He also taught him about people, working people. Phil remembers the miners of Lanarkshire. He remembers the first union meeting he ever attended. He was six. The miners announced that they had won an increase of about twenty cents a day in wages, and the rejoicing in the town left an impression on him.

At the age of ten he himself went to work in the Lanarkshire mines. He worked in them until his father brought the family to the United States. They arrived in New York Harbor in 1902, on a raw, bleak Christmas morning. They took a train to Irwin, Pennsylvania. There they trudged six miles through a blizzard to a mining patch. What few possessions they had they carried on their backs. Phil was just sixteen.

Father and son went to work in the mines. At night they studied together at home. The first sixty dollars Philip saved he spent on a correspondence-school course in mathematics. And all through the years he has continued to study. That's why today he is, unostentatiously, one of the outstanding authorities on the history and problems of labor and management.

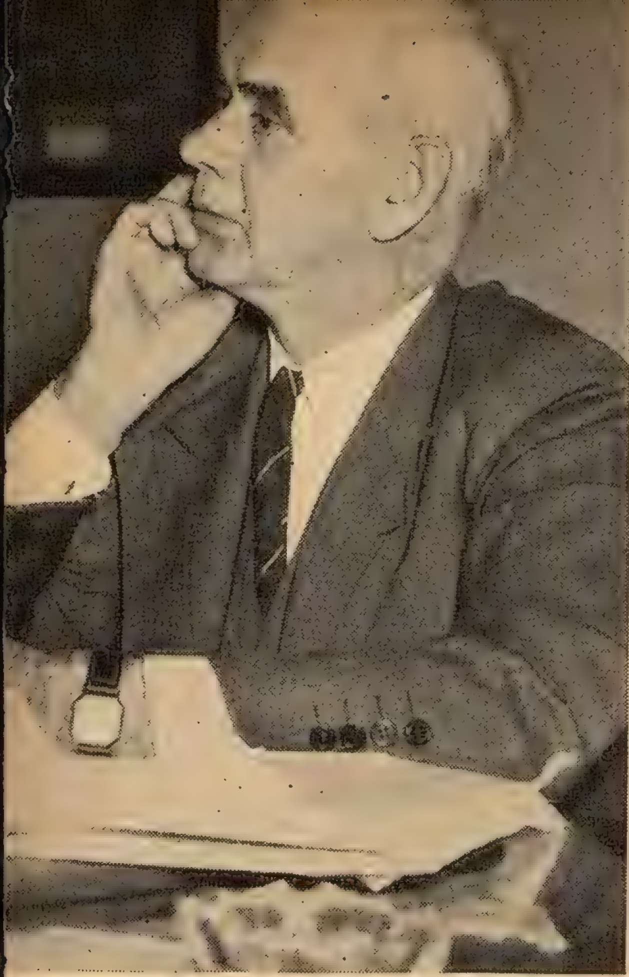
A fist fight in 1904 brought him into the trade-union movement. He was working a twelve-hour shift in the Keystone Coal and Coke Company mines in Westmoreland, Pennsylvania. Coming out of the mines one night, he stopped at the weighman's office to complain about the money he was losing every day because he wasn't being credited with all the coal he was sending out of the shaft.

The weighman tried to bully the youngster. It led to a fight in which the chiseling weighman took quite a cuffing. Murray was fired. The next morning 600 miners went out on strike in sympathy with his fight to have coal weighed honestly.

A mass meeting was called. A local of the United Mine Workers of America was organized. Much to his surprise, Philip Murray was elected president of the local by his fellow workers, among whom was his father. The miners voted a strike.

They lost it, but it taught Phil Murray many things. It taught him to bide his time. Hunger ended it, and Phil, surrounded by deputy sheriffs, was taken by train to Pittsburgh. At the edge of town he was turned loose and warned not to come back.

Before the footsteps of the deputies died away, he decided that his future lay in organizing. He realized that he had the qualities for leadership. "After that night," he later confided



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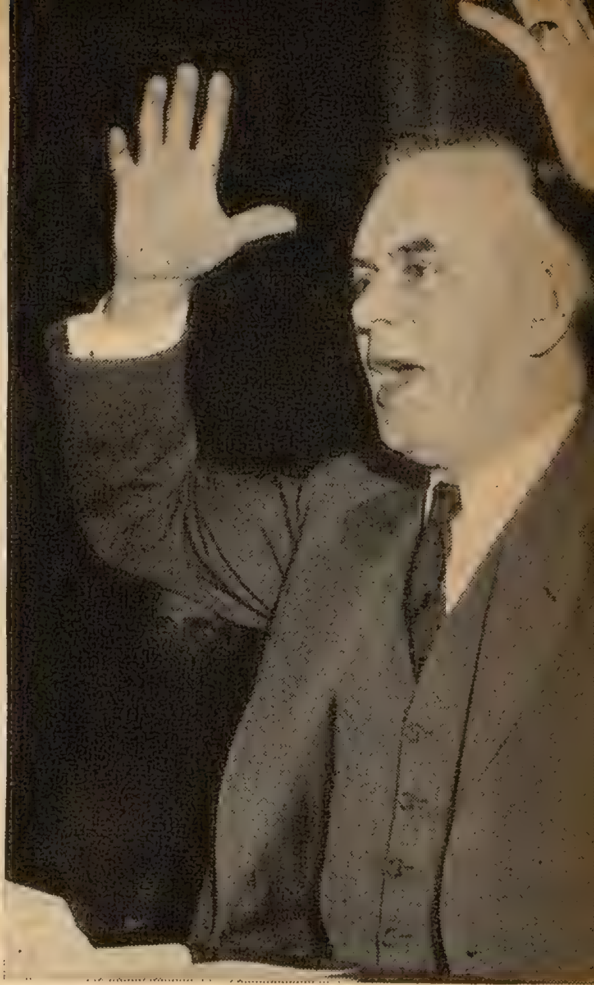

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MURRAY

to a friend, "I never had a doubt in my mind about what I wanted to do with my life."

He did come back to Pittsburgh. He came back a respected labor leader. He even became a member of the Pittsburgh Board of Education, a post which he still holds. It took years of grueling work and thankless jobs, but he fought his way up to the presidency of the powerful District No. 5 of the United Mine Workers. Then he was elected vice-president of all the United Mine Workers. A fiery young man named John L. Lewis was president.

If you can see Lewis as Murray saw him, you can understand why Murray then respected him almost to the point of worship, why he tolerated Lewis' violent outbursts and his obstreperous temperament.

John Llewellyn Lewis was born in Lucas, Iowa, but his parents had lived and worked in mines in the old country. The Lewis family was large and poor. John's father was a militant member of the Knights of Labor. Blacklisted for his active part in strikes, Thomas Lewis had to move his family from town to town.

At twelve John was working in the mines. At eighteen he was an aggressive fighting youngster, making speeches to any one who would listen. At twenty-one he went West. He dug copper in Colorado, silver and coal in Montana. He knew mining and worked on hard and dangerous jobs. Wherever he went he made hosts of friends and enemies. He talked all the time about unionism.

At twenty-six he was back in Lucas. He was burning with ambition, wanted to go places and didn't know quite how to harness his tremendous energy. He married the town schoolteacher, Myrta Edith Bell. From the background she guided and taught him. She coached him in English, in study of the Bible and Shakespeare. He worked hard, and what he learned he pounded into the ears of workers in union halls with gusto and aptness.

Marriage started him on his rise to power, and he had the energy to keep going. Samuel Gompers made him field and legislative representative of the A. F. of L. Wherever there was trouble, there you found John L. Lewis, ready and willing. The job took him all over the United States. Workers everywhere began to hear of him. He became a member of the Interstate Scale Committee.

Gompers was slowing down. John L. was on the way up. He left the "old man," to become the head of the United Mine Workers. It was a tough strong union and he was the kind of leader its members wanted.

This was the man Philip Murray and others believed to be the force that could bring new life into the trade-union movement in America. They were loyal to him. They backed him 1,000 per cent. He got things done, and that was what mattered.

Workers wanted and needed the C. I. O., and Lewis was just the man to see that they got it. He organized steel, auto, and rubber in swift succession. He reached into the anti-union South and signed up great sections of the textile industry. Up to the mountains of Colorado went his organizers to gather in the mine, mill, and smelter workers. And to the east coast to help build the National Maritime Union, and to organize 10,000 New York City transit workers.

Yes, sir, John L. got things done. But not all by himself. Phil Murray and other leaders were also working mightily, if a little more quietly. If they resented Lewis' sometimes high-handed methods and his godlike demeanor, they kept very still about it. As long as he believed solely in the C. I. O., as long as he spoke out and worked for the rank and file, they stayed in the background.

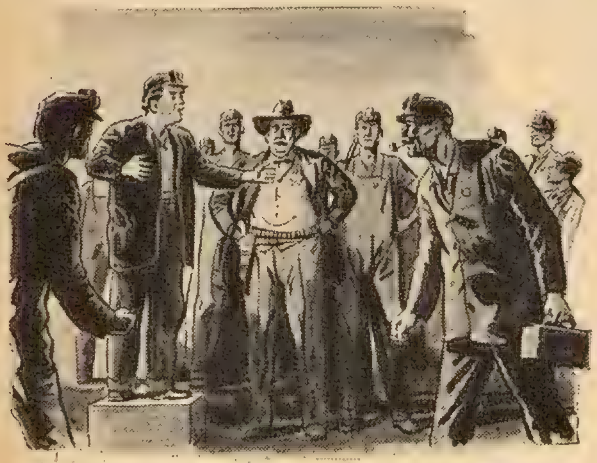
The split between Lewis and Murray did not make itself felt by the public until after the C. I. O. Convention in November, 1940, and the Presidential election. But the split had its beginning quite a little time before, when Lewis went to Murray and asked him to join an all-out campaign against Roosevelt's policy of resistance to the Axis.

Murray stood firm then and said quietly, "I couldn't do that, because to do so would be an act of treason."

This was open rebellion against the leader. John L. Lewis couldn't have liked it, but he still hoped that in a showdown Phil Murray would toe the line. He was trying to swing the whole C. I. O. against Roosevelt, and he hoped against hope that Murray would see things his way.

Murray did not know that Lewis was going to make that dramatic speech supporting Willkie. Only three people knew: Lewis, his faithful daughter Kathryn, and his now estranged C. I. O. counsel, Lee Pressman. Before he made it, he sent telegrams to all officials of the Miners' Union and the C. I. O., demanding that they place telegrams of congratulation on his desk by noon of the day following his speech. None of them knew what they were to congratulate him upon, least of all Murray.

Philip Murray was shocked when Lewis came out for Willkie. He had been supporting Roosevelt, and this placed him in the spot of having to split with Lewis then and there, or to take it quietly. He took it quietly. He even toned down his campaigning for Roosevelt, but he clung firmly to his beliefs. His attitude toward his chief began to change. He hoped, however, much as Lewis had hoped, that there was not to be a break between them.


At eighteen Lewis was making speeches.

He knew Lewis would resign from the presidency of the C. I. O. if Roosevelt was elected. He sat in a hotel room in Atlantic City, anxious but tight-lipped, while Lewis pledged him undying support if he would take the C. I. O. presidency. Murray didn't want the job. He still hoped that Lewis would change.

Lewis is very convincing. Before reporters he said, "When I promise to support somebody like Phil, here, I do it of my own free will. John L. Lewis never breaks a promise."

Philip Murray believed that. And during the hectic days of that convention he was really convinced that if he took the job he could run the C. I. O. as he saw fit. On the convention floor Lewis handed his gavel over to Murray. He pledged his complete devotion to Murray. Murray promised his support to John L. Lewis. Things were rather hazy. Speeches were in order and, as usual, John L. Lewis spoke out: "I associate myself with the 52,000,000 shrunken bellies in this country and I am for them, regardless of any consideration. . . . They are Americans, they are human beings."

That was the sort of talk Murray liked to hear from him. Maybe everything was going to be all right.

But things were moving fast in the world and America was in danger. The Nazis were trampling over Europe. John L. Lewis was smashing away at his own war against President Roosevelt and this was costing him the support of the C. I. O. rank and file. Murray hated the Nazis, hated all they stood for, hated what they might do to the American people. He said so again and again. And Lewis heard him and marked it down. The quiet man who had always been under control was getting out from under.

The war swept on. The hope of the world and of America, as Murray saw it, lay in all-out support by labor of the President's policies. Lewis had an answer to this—a strike. A strike in the captive coal mines. Coal can hold up production everywhere.

Still Murray hoped. He went to Washington to see if matters couldn't be straightened out. Things were serious. There was talk of using troops to open up the mines. Philip Murray won't forget those days in Washington—ever.

There was one day in particular. Murray and Lewis and John L.'s followers walked down the corridor of the Social Security Building. They were on their way to a board room where more mediation was about to take place. Lewis was walking a little ahead of the group, deep in thought, scowling, dramatic. He stopped before a huddle of anxious reporters.

"Nothing to say, boys," he bellowed. "Nothing to say until we emerge from this thing."

Murray stood off to one side, with Pat Fagen, Freemont Davis, and "Denny" Lewis. As the head of the C. I. O., a position he had now held for many months, he should have been the one to give any statements to the press. Lewis had seen to it that he wasn't. Lewis chatted with the reporters, completely ignoring Murray and the men with him.

An attaché of the Mediation Board told Lewis nervously that he would be allowed to take only five men in to the meeting. Lewis glowered at him and the young man retreated. Suddenly Lewis turned and bellowed, "Phil Murray, come here!"

The president of the C. I. O. went over. He looked at Lewis carefully.

"Phil," Lewis said, "you're a member of this thing. See if you can get the other boys in."

Lewis' tone, his manner, everything about him implied that although Murray was president of the C. I. O., John L. Lewis was still at the helm. He could not have insulted Murray more if he had slapped him.

Murray looked him in the eye. "Yes, John," he said. But in that look and in the quiet answer Philip Murray told John L. Lewis that their friendship was at an end.

Every one knows what happened. The parting of the ways was bitter with denunciations, name-callings, charges of bad faith. Lewis spoke first and Murray answered everything he said with strength and vigor.

John L. Lewis, who in the past had been accused of consorting with Communists, now leveled this charge against Murray. He said Murray was trying to defame his character and bring him into "national public disgrace and dishonor." Murray's charges were much graver. He stated that Lewis was making use of his position as head of the United Mine Workers "to hamper the nation's victory effort, not only by failure to extend positive support to the nation and to President Roosevelt, but also by a studied campaign of disruption and disunity both within and without the labor movement."

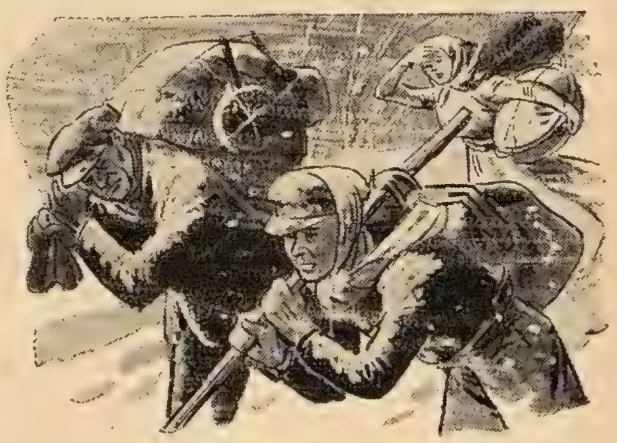
Just after Pearl Harbor, Lewis called his followers into the office of District 50 of his Mine Workers Union and told them, "Today there is only one war in the United States—the war of Lewis against Murray!"

Last spring, while Murray was conferring with the President, Lewis expelled his former friend from the vice-presidency of the United Mine Workers. The charge was "Communism," the very same charge which had been leveled against Lewis so many times in the past.

Murray's course is clear. A devout Catholic, a stanch believer in democracy, he has handled the presidency of the C. I. O. in such a way that it is plain that he is following the wishes of the majority in the C. I. O. At the last convention the majority cheered him mightily. But in one corner the Lewis followers in the United Mine Workers sat silent and grim.

This did not worry Philip Murray too much. He firmly believes the decision which was so hard to make was the right one. His heart and soul are in the C. I. O. and winning the war. His home is still in the working-class district of Pittsburgh. He spends many of his week-ends in mining camps and steel towns, walking around and talking to the men.

Lewis has lost old friends and made a few new ones. His is a last desperate stand to win back the followers he used to have when Philip Murray was one of his most enthusiastic supporters. Few but his most trusted satellites know what he will do next in an effort to regain his lost power. He spends a great deal of time in Washington now and at his large stately home in Alexandria, Virginia, Washington's most exclusive suburb. There he meditates and broods. "They are smiting me hip and thigh," he declaims, "and right merrily shall I return their blows."


The Murrays trudged through a blizzard.

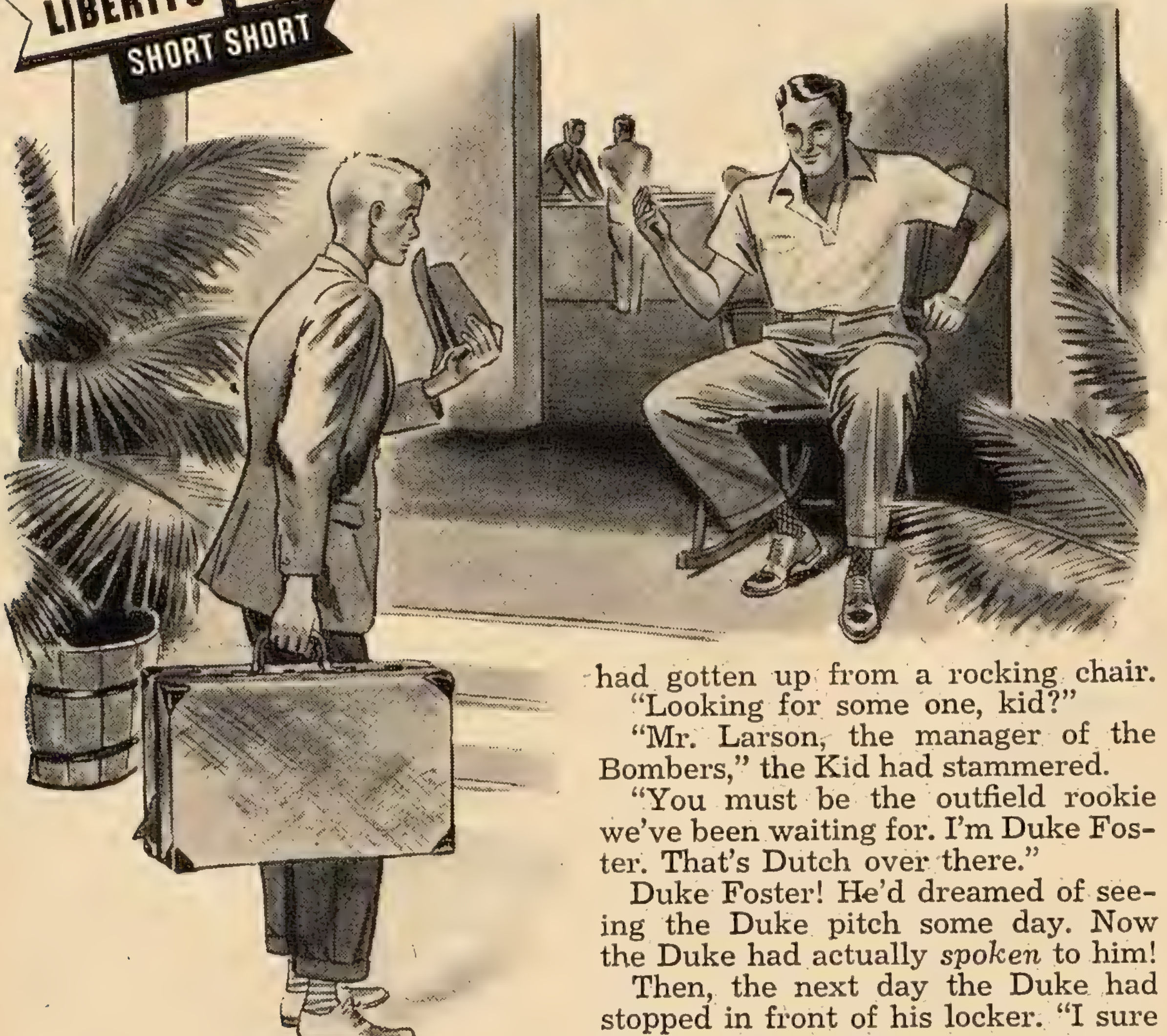
Maybe he will. That depends on what the workers in the C. I. O. and the American people decide about the righteousness of the cause which Philip Murray supports in opposition to John L. Lewis.

THE END

FORGET YOUR HEROES

BY HUGH PENTECOST

★★★★ LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DOWN on one knee, the Kid rubbed dirt into his sweating palms. Without any particular emotion he watched Leverette stuff his glove into his hip pocket and walk slowly toward the dugout.

Leverette had gone into this last half of the ninth with a 3-0 lead, needing three more outs to tie up the World Series. Then the Bombers had broken loose, driven in two runs, and they had the bases loaded, with only one out.

The Kid glanced at the bench. Dutch was grinning. No orders. The Kid was to hit away.

Then there was a roar from the crowd. Drama was approaching from the left-field bull pen. The Kid stood up, and there were butterflies in the pit of his stomach. It was the Duke who was trudging slowly in across the outfield.

The Kid turned away. He didn't want to watch that slow pilgrimage. Turning away was a mistake, because he saw Jane. She was sitting in the front row of a box. Of all the women he had ever known, Jane was the swellest. If it hadn't been for Jane, he wouldn't be here now, the star of a World Series. And Jane was the Duke's wife.

The Kid's mind did a flashback to seven years ago. A greenhorn had stood on the front steps of a Florida hotel. A handsome sunburned man had gotten up from a rocking chair.

"Looking for some one, kid?"

"Mr. Larson, the manager of the Bombers," the Kid had stammered.

"You must be the outfield rookie we've been waiting for. I'm Duke Foster. That's Dutch over there."

Duke Foster! He'd dreamed of seeing the Duke pitch some day. Now the Duke had actually *spoken* to him!

Then, the next day the Duke had stopped in front of his locker. "I sure hope you can hit the way your minor league record says you can, Kid. A little power like that and we're a shoo-in." Then he'd smiled at him.

For two weeks the Kid warmed the bench—until one day Dutch said:

"You're starting in left field, Kid."

Against Tom Yawkey's gold-plated Red Sox! Against supermen!

In the very first inning Dutch's boys got off to a start. Men on first and second, and the Kid came up. He hit into a force play at second. On first himself, he started with the crack of Sullivan's bat for second. He had to skip rope as the ball went straight at the second baseman, who flipped it over to Cronin, covering second. Back in the bush leagues the Kid would have crashed into the shortstop in an attempt to break up the double play. But this was Cronin! The great Joe Cronin! Suppose he spiked Cronin—they'd ride him out of town. He ran wide and let Joe complete an easy double play.

Dutch yanked him. "What were you doing out there?" he snarled at him. "Playing puss in the corner?"

That night the Kid packed his bag. He was trudging to the depot when he ran into the Duke. The Duke thought he'd been released, but the Kid told the truth. He was quitting.

The Duke slipped an arm through his. "Come on home, Kid, and have supper with me and Jane."

The Duke had a cottage. There was roast beef. And Jane . . . laughing and kind and sympathetic.

"Baseball's a business, Kid," the Duke said. "You've got to forget your heroes."

So the Kid went back to the hotel and stuck. He stuck plenty. Whenever he felt shaky, there were the Duke and Jane. They never let him down. Their home was open to him. On the road trips he roomed with the Duke. And pretty soon the Kid was a headliner himself. . . .

Then the Duke came to the end of the road. Reluctantly Dutch handed him his unconditional. . . .

When the Duke caught on with the Nationals, to do relief chores, the Kid wired his congratulations. . . .

NOW, here the Duke was trudging in across the outfield. If the Duke could save this game and keep his team in the fight, there might be one more year ahead of him.

"Play ball!"

The Kid turned and walked slowly into the batter's box. His hands were clammy. He felt sick. The Duke's first pitch came in, a curve that broke in over the plate, big as a watermelon. The Kid started to swing, checked himself, took a called strike. He could have massacred that pitch, but he'd been thinking of Jane, just behind him. Why did it have to be him?

He looked at the Duke and smiled. There was no answering smile. The next pitch came in, right over the plate. Again the Kid checked.

The Duke's catcher walked out in front of the plate. "Don't make 'em too good, old-timer," he said.

The Duke looked straight at the Kid. "All I need's my reputation to blow *that* bum down," he said. "He's got stardust in his eyes. Always had!"

So that was the way it was! The Kid stepped back into the box. He swung, felt the bat meet leather solidly, saw the Nationals' second baseman make a despairing dive for the ball. It was all over. The Series was over. The crowd swarmed down on the field. The Kid could see the Duke, still standing alone, unnoticed, on the mound. Then he saw Jane coming toward her husband, her head high.

It was a good ten minutes before the Kid escaped from the crowd. Standing together in the runway were Jane and the Duke. The Duke looked old and tired but he was smiling. "Nice going, Kid," he said.

A lump choked the Kid's throat. "You shouldn't have said what you did. After that I—I had to let you have it if I could. I'm sorry, Duke. Damn sorry."

"Baseball's a business, Kid. I couldn't take a handout from you. You got to forget your heroes."

The Kid swallowed hard.

"He's right, Kid. Come and see us soon," Jane said. "We've missed you."

"You bet!" the Kid said. "You bet!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

HEY, HEY, HAYWORTH!

Here's the real Hollywood redhead No. 1 . . . She is a far different lady from the one you think you know

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

They say she out-sex-appeals Ann Sheridan. She has arrived with a bang.

IT happened in Palm Springs. It could not have happened anywhere else. There is something about that desert resort—perhaps the spectacle of so many gray-haired grandmothers displaying their midriffs—that makes any surprise possible.

A New York writer who was trying to acquire a golden tan in the bar of the Racquet Club received a telephone call from a Hollywood executive. "I've a great treat for you, old boy," said the latter. "Wait thirty minutes, then go to bungalow number four and walk in without knocking."

"What's the big idea?"

"Don't ask too many questions. Do as you are told." And the busy executive hung up.

The New Yorker ordered another double Scotch, spent the following half hour kibitzing on a gin rummy game, then went to bungalow number four. His unheralded appearance did not surprise its occupants in the least. One of them, a Hollywood publicity man, was known to him, but the other two might have been Dr. Livingstone's great-granddaughters.

Both were girls in their early twenties. Both wore the Palm Springs uniform—a windbreaker and a pair of slacks. One was blonde, the other a redhead. The New Yorker looked at the publicity man quizzically, but as no introductions were volunteered, he said, for want of anything better: "So—you're the big surprise." The redheaded girl nodded.

Five minutes later the bewildered New Yorker suggested a trip to the bar. It was crowded and several people waved to him, indicating that he and his party should join them. The New Yorker shook his head. It was bad enough not to know the names of the two ladies he was escorting without going through the agony of trying to introduce them to his friends. He settled at a table in the farthest corner and ordered a round of drinks.

Very soon the headwaiter handed him a slip of paper, a message from his friends. He glanced at it, blinked, gasped, and then looked at the redheaded girl sharply. "Aren't we good enough to sit at the same table with Rita Hayworth?" the author of the note had written.

Now then, our New Yorker was not only an ardent moviegoer but a Rita Hayworth fan to boot, and for a long time he'd been wanting to meet her. It seems incredible that he should have failed to recognize his favorite actress; but then, there is very little in common between the human dynamo who out-dances Fred Astaire and out-sex-appeals Ann Sheridan, and the lackadaisical, silent, poker-faced girl in slacks who was christened Margarita Carmen Cansino twenty-five years ago. Not unlike that other famous dancing partner of Astaire's, Ginger Rogers, she begins to sparkle and "give" only after she hears the director cry, "Camera!" Not a second earlier.

It is quite possible that, being an intelligent girl, she realizes she must hoard every ounce of vitality she possesses for her hard tasks on the screen.

Whatever the reason, it takes the combined efforts of the publicity departments of at least three studios in Hollywood to maintain the legend of Rita the Dynamite. The miracle of Hayworth is the result of teamwork the like of which has not been witnessed even by the German army, teamwork between a talented but shy girl and a coterie of bold, stop-at-nothing, hit-and-run masters of skulduggery. The eighty million movie-minded Americans applaud and admire Rita Hayworth. The insiders smile approvingly but talk of Lou Smith, Bob Taplinger, and Harry Brand.

LOU SMITH was in charge of ballyhoo on the Columbia lot when Margarita Carmen Cansino decided to shed her old moniker and become Rita Hayworth. Bob Taplinger was performing some of the most daring promotion somersaults at Warners' when the latter gave Rita her first real chance in Strawberry Blonde. As for Harry Brand, in his capacity as publicity director of Twentieth Century-Fox, he took Rita over, lock, stock, and barrel, when his studio starred her in Blood and Sand, My Gal Sal, and Tales of Manhattan.

The three men can be justly proud of their handiwork. Within three short years they managed to transform a girl nobody knew into one of the biggest properties in the history of the motion-picture industry. In 1941 alone her face graced twenty-three magazine covers. When she came to New York late that year, on a ten-day visit, she performed on eleven radio programs, made twenty-two personal appearances, and gave thirty-seven interviews to the metropolitan newspapers.

It was in 1941 also that she helped the boys and girls of the University of Missouri to elect the "King of Hearts of the Campus," that she was nominated "the Person Best Able to Fill a Stocking" by the Santa Claus School of Albion, New York; that she was chosen America's number one redhead by twenty-five thousand beauty-parlor operators; and that, last but not least, she was proclaimed to be "the Most Co-operative Actress in the World" by the Association of Hollywood Photographers.

One may dismiss the University of Missouri gag as just another Hollywood stunt; one may point out to the Santa Claus School at Albion, New York, that it would take quite a stocking to accommodate Rita's hundred and twenty pounds; one may set aside the verdict of the twenty-five thousand beauty-parlor operators, because the real color of Miss Hayworth's hair is jet black, not russet red. But one cannot quarrel with the Association of Hollywood Photographers. No more "co-operative" actress has ever breathed the publicity-scented air of southern California.

No demand, no matter how preposterous (provided it's made by a bona fide photographer or writer), can overtax Rita's capacity for co-operation. She steps in and out of bathing suits, girdles, slacks, night, dressing, and evening gowns without a murmur of protest. She dives, swims, rows, rides a bicycle, jumps over a tennis net, bowls, or what-have-you at the drop of a hat. She thinks nothing of getting up at 4 A. M. in order to accommodate a visiting New York photographer who wants to "shoot" her for a national magazine, posing patiently for two hours, and then reporting at 8 A. M. to the studio for the day's work. She spends her lunchtime talking to sob sisters, answering all kinds of asinine questions, and retelling for the thousandth time the story of her life. A shrewd student of publicity and mass psychology, she is ever ready to give her all for the sake of a cover, an article, or even a paragraph.

In her five years on that lot she failed to co-operate with her employers only twice. She did not believe it would be in particularly good taste to try to change the name of the high school she attended from Alexander Hamilton High School to Rita Hayworth High School. And she turned thumbs down on the idea of staging an encore wedding for her brother Edward. The latter, a corporal in the United States Army, decided to get married while on a short leave in San Francisco. Rita was working in a picture that week and could not make a trip North.

"Keep your shirt on, Rita," said the Columbia people. "We've got a terrific angle. We'll pull the strings in Washington, get permission for your brother and his bride to come to Los Angeles, and we'll treat them to a second wedding, the biggest wedding this town has ever seen." "Nothing doing," replied Rita. "I don't mind your making a fool out of me; I get paid for it. But leave my kid brother alone, now and for all time."

As salaries go in Hollywood, Rita is not exactly overpaid by her employers. She gets $1,300 a week, which is about one third of what Columbia gets for her services when they lend her to the other studios. A person less versed in the ways of publicity would have rebelled long ago, but Rita knows better. She remembers the not-so-distant days when she was making seventy-five dollars a week, and she is a strong be-

Rita Hayworth will pose at any time; was voted most co-operative actress by photographers.

With Astaire in You Never Were Lovelier. "She's exactly what I've been looking for," he said.

liever in that sound and wise rule according to which it is a venial sin to kid the other people but a mortal sin to kid oneself.

Descendant of a long line of showmen, she loves and appreciates a buildup but never lets it hypnotize her. What other stars learn after a great many suspensions, court battles, and heartbreaks, she learned at her father's knee: that a performer is seldom worth more than he's being paid.

A famous dancer, and son of one of the greatest dancers ever produced by Spain, Eduardo Cansino was always too busy learning new routines to waste time on dickering with the managers. He danced before every conceivable audience in the world, from the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish to a bunch of drunks in a Mexican night club; but he never became a business man. He did hope that his daughter Carmen (he still calls her Carmen, never Rita) would follow in the steps of the Cansinos; but when he saw that she showed no interest in dancing, he let her alone.

CARMEN made her professional debut at the age of fourteen. She appeared in the prologue to Back Street, a picture starring Irene Dunne, at the Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles. The year was 1931 and vaudeville had been resting in its grave for quite a while. There were no more opportunities for Eduardo Cansino in the East, so he decided to move his family West and try to make both ends meet by running a dancing school and making extra money in night clubs and motion-picture theaters. The audiences at the Carthay Circle did not think much of Carmen's dancing (she teamed with her young cousin) but Eduardo was impressed. It suddenly dawned on him that she was not a baby any more and that, given sufficient schooling, she would become either a Spanish dancer or a motion-picture siren. Even at the age of fourteen she had that kind of figure.

A few months later Eduardo and Carmen were offered a short engagement at the Foreign Club at Tijuana, a Mexican resort just across the border. They remained there for eighteen months. They played three shows a night, and between shows Eduardo would lock his daughter in her dressing room. Not that he mistrusted her, but he knew his Tijuana.

The Tijuana success of the Cansinos must have remained a strict secret as far as Hollywood was concerned, because the only thing they could get afterward was a four-weeks engagement aboard a gambling ship operating off the Long Beach shore. The pay was small, the customers rowdy. While Carmen would hide in a cubbyhole of a cabin between the eight-thirty and ten-thirty shows, Eduardo would fish off the ship. His intentions were laudable, but, unfortunately for him as a fisherman, he was a good dancer. Long before they played out their contract he caught a fishhook in his finger, developed a case of blood poisoning, and was laid up. Carmen endeavored to carry on by herself, but the fellow who ran the gambling ship said she lacked "it."

"I suppose he was right," comments Rita. "I was fifteen at the time, and the only thing that really aroused me was food."

Carmen's appointment with destiny took place at Agua Caliente the following year. One night Eduardo Cansino was told by the manager that Winfield Sheehan, then the head of Fox Studios, wanted to meet his daughter. Sheehan being Sheehan, Eduardo could not say "no," but he never left the table while they were talking. When Sheehan offered Carmen a job in a picture called Dante's Inferno, Eduardo accepted on the spot. He felt that their lean years were over.

All parties concerned have an excellent reason for long remembering Dante's Inferno—Spencer Tracy because it was the only major flop in which he appeared, Winfield Sheehan because it cost him his job with the Fox people, and Carmen Cansino because on the strength of her performance in that picture she was promised by Sheehan the lead in Ramona.

The Cansinos were about to move into a larger house and throw a big party, when the ax fell. One morning they learned that Sheehan had been fired and that his successor, Darryl F. Zanuck, was suffering from an acute case of allergia. He could not abide people who had had anything to do with Winfield Sheehan. Not only did he refuse to give Carmen the lead in Ramona, but he wouldn't have her around the place at any price. Six years later Mr. Zanuck was to regret his decision. When his casting director told him in 1941 that it would cost the company thirty-five hundred dollars a week to borrow Rita Hayworth from Columbia for the part of the enchantress in Blood and Sand, Zanuck wished he had retained Carmen Cansino on the Fox pay roll.

But that was six years later. In the meantime, the Cansinos were broke and there were no Agua Calientes or Tijuanas on the horizon.

HER craving for big juicy steaks undiminished by the purge on the Fox lot, Carmen went from studio to studio, ready to play any old part, willing to accept anything that resembled money. In due course she was reduced to "second leads" in the Westerns, and up to this day she trembles and develops a spell of seasickness when she sees a horse or a gun. In her forthcoming picture, Tales of Manhattan, she enacts the part of a flirtatious wife whose husband shoots her lover in her presence. "I did not mind seeing Charles Boyer shot," she says simply, "but that gun—that gun in Thomas Mitchell's hand—it took me right back to the years when I was the unhappiest girl in Hollywood."

In 1937, about to appear in Girls Can Play, the least pretentious B picture ever made by Columbia or any other studio, Carmen reached a momentous decision. She was through with both her first and last names. She borrowed Hayworth from her Irish mother and shortened Margarita to Rita. The Columbia officials said it was all right by them. Margarita Carmen Cansino or Rita Hayworth, she was going to get killed in the very first reel of Girls Can Play.

Jacqueline Wells, a starlet of a few seasons back, was the only person on the Columbia lot at that time who thought there was something unusual about the blackhaired Spanish girl. It was not her performance in the picture. Heaven forbid! It was her behavior between the "takes" that interested Jacqueline. "Other girls would dash around and talk each other's ears off, but Rita would sit very quietly, without uttering a word. I used to think she didn't have an ounce of vitality. But then—I'll never forget it—we would be summoned by the assistant director, and I could hardly recognize Rita. She would be full of life and pep and bounce. She would seem an entirely different person."

Her fourth picture for Columbia all but settled Rita for good. It was called Criminals of the Air, and the pride of the Cansinos played in it a girl who spoke with a strong Spanish accent. The casting directors immediately pigeonholed "that Hayworth dame" as a natural for "dialect parts." In vain did she plead and try to explain that although her father was a Spaniard, she was born in New York and could not speak Spanish at all.

"Don't argue, kid," was their answer. "You're too Spanish to play an American part."

TWO years passed. Rita Hayworth was getting nowhere fast. She dyed her hair and became a blonde. She got married to Edward C. Judson, an oil operator. She appeared in nine more atrocities, in one of which (The Renegade Ranger) she had to ride a wild mustang and carry two guns. She was studying various diets and hoping that lamb chops and pineapple would do for her what the Columbia people didn't. She spent her spare time hanging around the publicity department, anxious to please the boys who knew how to influence the press. And she was still nobody, a contract player whose option was renewed only because she was working for buttons.

And then, one night in 1939, the gods got in a huddle and decided that they had been plenty tough on Rita Hayworth. From now on she was to get the breaks.

Break number one took place at the Trocadero. Harry Cohn, Columbia's president, and Howard Hawks, the director, dropped in to have a drink.

"Who's that girl?" asked Hawks, pointing to a voluptuous blonde in a most revealing dress who was doing her darnedest to attract Cohn's attention. It took Cohn a minute or so before he identified the possessor of all those lovely curves as one of his contract players.

"Never knew she was that pretty," was his comment.

"Can she act?"

"Ask me another," said Cohn.

"I think I'd like to test her for the part of the seductive wench in Only Angels Have Wings," decided Hawks, after another look at Rita.

"Help yourself," said Cohn.

That was that.

Break number two came from a wholly unexpected corner. The Warners woke up one morning to discover that their darling, their "oomph girl," their dream princess Ann Sheridan, was nothing but an ungrateful monster. She would not accept the title part in Strawberry Blonde unless given a fantastic raise. Their souls seared, their belief in humanity shaken, the Warners suspended Sheridan promptly, got Harry Cohn on the phone, and borrowed "that dame who panicked 'em in Only Angels Have Wings." Bob Taplinger, their publicity director, was given orders to give Hayworth "the biggest build-up in the world's history." He was to show Sheridan that nobody was indispensable.

Taplinger rose to the occasion and did exactly what his bosses hoped he would. Having created the Sheridan legend two years before, he knew the routine from A to Z. Strawberry Blonde was not yet ready to be released when the male population of the United States was already having dreams about Rita Hayworth.

Break number three was not slow in arriving. Fred Astaire was willing to make a picture for Columbia when and if the studio officials were able to provide him with a suitable partner, preferably "another Rogers." He tried Eleanor Powell and Paulette Goddard in his after-leaving-Ginger-Rogers vehicles, but he was not crazy about either lady. "Try Rita Hayworth," advised Harry Cohn. "She used to be a night-club dancer." It was like saying to the British government, "Give the Middle Eastern command to a man by the name of Mulrooney. He used to be Police Commissioner of New York."

Astaire shuddered, but "try" Rita he did.

He is yet to get over his surprise. "Why," he keeps on saying, "I never saw anything like it! That girl can learn the most complicated dance routine in ten minutes." To Father Cansino he said, the night of the preview of You'll Never Get Rich: "Your daughter, Mr. Cansino, is exactly what I've been looking for." "We planned it that way, Mr. Astaire," replied the Spaniard feelingly.

Break number four amounted to an act of God. The Twentieth Century-Fox people were working feverishly on the script and the score of My Gal Sal, a musical picture that was to be one of their Big Five of 1942. They were, naturally, going to star their own Alice Faye in it, and Zanuck predicted that My Gal Sal would be the crowning achievement of his favorite actress. Alice Faye did not share Zanuck's point of view. She too believed that 1942 would be the year of her crowning achievement, but she was thinking not of My Gal Sal. She was thinking of a baby. Now then, this business of having a baby is something that even Darryl F. Zanuck is not forceful enough to cope with. Off to a hospital went Alice. Into Alice's part stepped Rita.

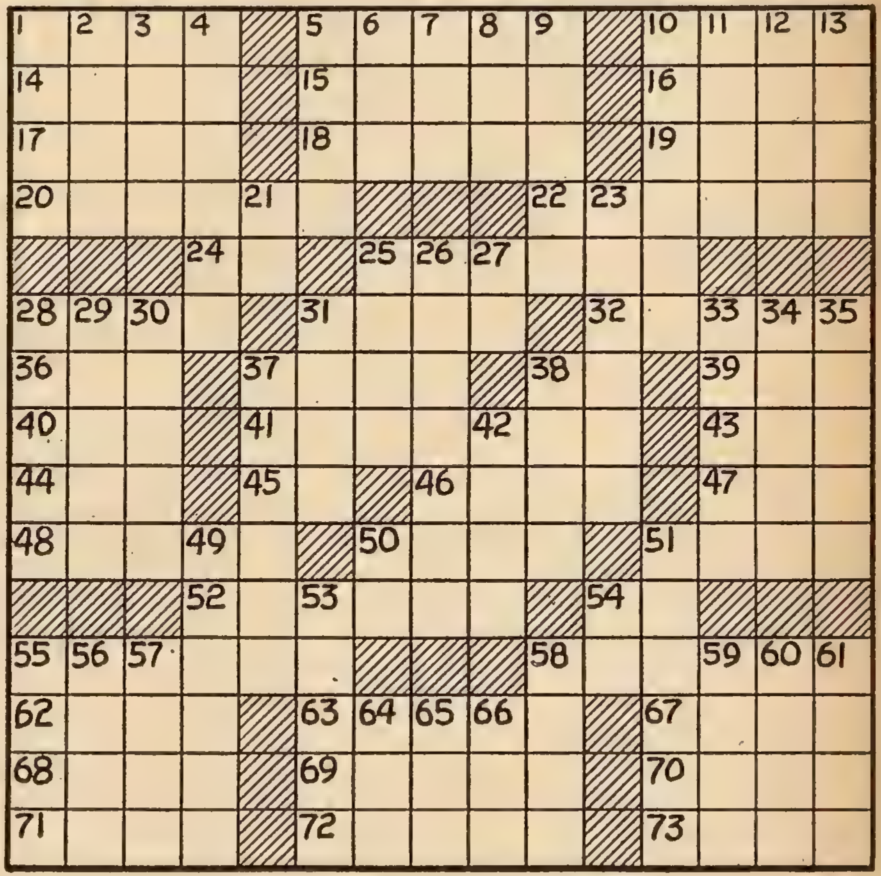
And there you are.

As of today, with Tales of Manhattan and a new Hayworth-Astaire musical about to be shown to the public, Rita is in no need of further breaks. She has arrived, and with a bang. She survived oblivion, she absorbed all kinds of shocks, she saw her jet-black hair become first blonde, then russet red, she divorced her husband—but she's as good as new. In fact, better. The rumors link her name with that of Victor Mature ("the most beautiful hunk of man in America"), but one would be advised to take any news pertaining to those two with at least ten pounds of salt. In the case of the publicity-minded Rita, one does not know "where Bob Taplinger ends and where Hayworth begins." As for Mature, that young gentleman needs no press agent to keep his name and his face plastered all over the front page. It should be recalled that it was Victor Mature who all but floored a tough publicity man on the Fox lot by saying to Betty Grable: "Look! There's a newspaperman on the set. Quick! Slap me in the face. Let's pretend we're having a murderous row. . . . Can't you just see tomorrow's papers? Oh, boy!"

Five will get you fifty that had Rita been in Betty's place, she wouldn't have needed Mature to tell her there was a newspaperman on the set.

THE END

CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Freezes
5 Toil
10 Basis for discussion and inference
14 Influence
15 Unaccompanied
16 Always
17 Dry
18 Angry
19 Distribute
20 Crude sugar
22 Worships
24 Preposition
25 Musical instrument
28 Worry
31 Bird
32 Roman goddess
36 System of sorcery
37 Dirt
38 Greek letter
39 Hail!
40 Plot
41 With hair anointed
43 Stomach
44 Consumed
45 By
46 Mechanic's implement
47 Fruit drink
48 Title of respect (Sp.)
50 Canvas shelter
51 Extorted money from
52 Withdraw
54 Correlative of either
55 Front
58 Swiss cottage
62 Death notice
63 Lowest point
67 Small inlet
68 Tenor violin
69 Musical drama
70 Sword
71 Sly look
72 Refurbish
73 Dispatch

VERTICAL

1 Eastern prince
2 Heart
3 Wicked
4 Dignified
5 Molten rock
6 Beverage
7 Container
8 Number
9 Field work
10 Reduce in rank
11 Assert
12 Head (Fr.)
13 Unit of measure (pl.)
21 Perform
23 Resolve
25 Glide smoothly
26 Idle talk
27 Within
28 Stupor (pl.)
29 Lessen
30 Bring to perfection
31 Carbon
33 Pertaining to branches
34 Elude
35 Stitched
37 Forgave
38 Plague
42 Eat
49 Speaker
50 Note of the scale
51 Strengthens
53 Male singer
54 Exclamation
55 Young of a horse
56 Capable
57 Quote
58 Bird's crop
59 Easy canter
60 Level
61 A golf term
64 Simian
65 Lair
66 Anger

PINOCHLE■URALS■
SCALLION■RELOAD
YE■DIVOT■FEMALE
CCC■PETE■■LAVAL
HULA■■■RES■■EMT
IBIS■ANESTHETIC
CENT■POD■AER■■■
■SKEWER■STRAWS■
■■■RIM■BEE■SETH
CONSTABLES■EIRE
ONE■■NEO■■■DREI
RILLS■■OPAL■DAR
POLITE■MONAD■ME
SNIVEL■ELEVATES
■SEEPS■DOWAGERS

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

HERE'S A SUGGESTION WE'RE PROUD TO ACCEPT

San Diego, Calif.—When the June 6 Liberty arrived, it was a long time before I got past the cover. In fact, I do not believe I shall ever get past that cover. As I looked at it and understood its meaning, the tears came to my eyes. The longer I looked the more I wept.

I was busy getting dinner when my husband sat down with the magazine, and called to me—a strange choked sound in his voice. He is unemotional, but there were tears in his eyes when he asked if I'd seen the cover.

Now, when there is anything as soul-stirring as Ralph Iligan has given us in this war-torn world, I do not believe it should be tossed aside. So I would like to make a suggestion to you.

Wouldn't it be a glorious gift, to any one who has lost a dear one in this war, if Liberty would send them a copy of that cover? The space below might hold the name of the dear one, or it might be supplied by the family.

Oh, I don't mean only the known heroes. To every one of us our boy is a hero.—*Jane Freeman Kark.*

You bet they're all heroes—and your idea is fine. Without definite requests we can't very well send out covers to all who have lost relatives in this war, but if you or any one else wants a copy, just shoot in a letter to Vox Pop and we'll see that you're taken care of.

Thanks a million for a grand thought, Mrs. Kark.—Vox Pop Editor.

SO *THERE*, HARRY

Houlton Air Base, Me.—It should be the girl's place to ask a soldier for a dance, Private Harry Norton? (July 25 Vox Pop.) What's the matter—did the United States army draft mice?—*Pvt. Raymond J. Yeager.*

North Dartmouth, Mass.—'Ten-SHUN! Private Norton.

"The girls" would welcome a change of routine. Just once, I would like to walk casually, boredly into a dance, stroll down the side lines, and look over the possibilities. If one catches my eye I will be absorbedly interested in some vague point far down the hall. Perhaps I will see one who may not add too much to my boredom; I will condescend to ask that chap to dance with me—but, understand, my expression will clearly indicate that I am conferring a great favor.

Why all this, you ask? Simply turning the tables on the men, dear innocent.—*Wenona White Mosher.*

YEAH, PROF—HOW COME NO LAKE-HAYWORTH?

Hollywood, Calif.—Can it be possible that Professor Kay Kyser is not on dunking terms with Rita Hayworth or Veronica Lake, which could explain his omission of these two very popular movie stars in his answers to Crazy Quiz? (July 11 Liberty.) How come, Professor?—*Ralph E. Pettit.*

REAR-LY, RITA?

Buffalo, N. Y.—
If ladies in slacks
Could see their backs,
They'd quickly say
"nerts"
And go back to skirts.
—*Rita Jean Perry.*

BUSTIN' THE BUSTER

Denver, Colo. — Thurman Arnold's article, I *Like* Big Business! (July 18 Liberty) is a pain in the neck to any business man.

Mr. Arnold "beefs" about the price of spectacles, but I doubt if he "ascertained all the facts" about this business before writing the article. The price includes such items as salaries, rent, taxes, and other overhead.

Mr. Arnold should find out "what it costs to do business." His statement about 100-per-cent profits is just pure tripe.—*Stanley Thornhill.*

Atlanta, Ga.—Does Mr. Arnold expect the skill or art of a professional man to be charged for by the hour? If so, at what price for his highly specialized service?—*Charles P. Copeland, M. D.*

Richmond, Va.—Mr. Arnold calling spectacle adjusting "frame twisting" shows profound ignorance of his subject. Several years of training and experience are required to make a good adjuster.—*J. S. G.*

Dowagiac, Mich.—Mr. Arnold claims to be a lawyer. A lawyer charged me $200 for collecting $700 from an insurance company, and never left his office to do it!—*C. L. Stretch.*

ALL RIGHT, HANDSOME, SEND IT IN

Chicago, Ill.—Why is it you never publish pictures of Vox Poppers any more? You used to, didn't you?—*Jack S.*

Yes, we did, Jack, but I guess we kinda got out of the habit or else you Vox Poppers quit sending them. Last week we ran the picture that Captain Gaston sent with his letter, and if enough Poppers want them we'll begin to print them every week. This is your page, so we'll let you decide. What say, Vox Poppers? And, Jack—where's yours?—Vox Pop Editor.

THEY HAVE A FEW OTHER THINGS TO DO

Caldwell, Ida.—Why can't we have some stories about the men in this man's war written by the men themselves?—*E. J. Gaylord.*

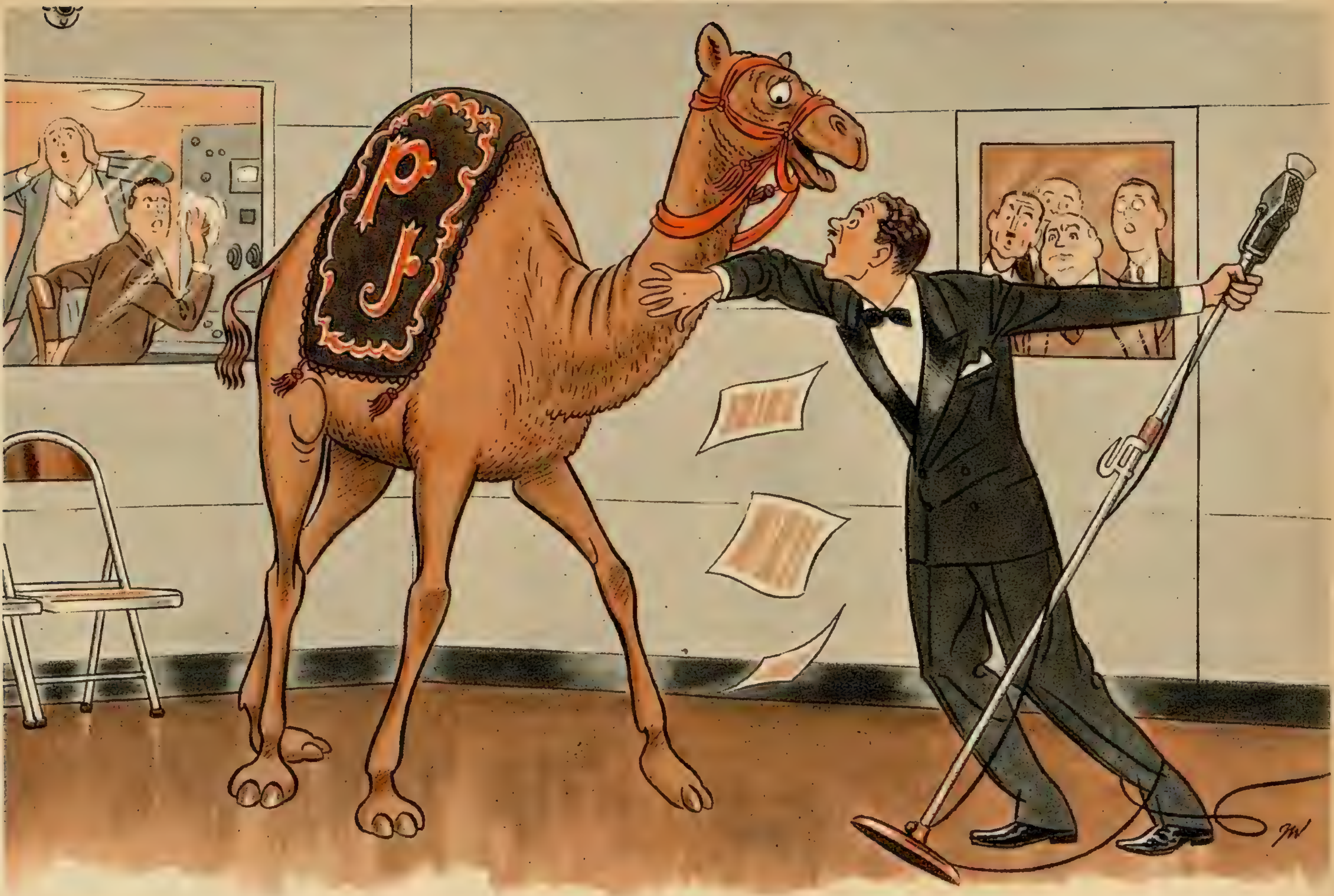
AW, DON'T MAKE US LOOK IT UP—WE'RE BUSY

Laurel, Miss.—Hope Chuckles from the Camps will be a weekly feature. I enjoyed every line but found one fine mistake. I still say Camp Blanding is in Florida and not Louisiana. How about it?—*A. L. Crotwell.*

IN PRAISE OF POSTAL WORKERS

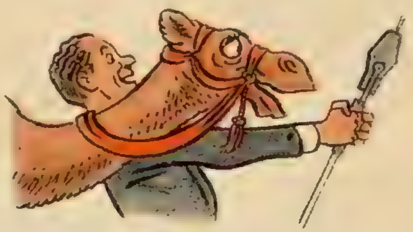
Fort Wayne, Ind.—I wish to call to your attention the untiring and loyal efforts of another great American army of workers. It consists of the hundreds of thousands of postal employees serving Uncle Sam in this hour of trial. The mail carriers, clerks, truck drivers, and all others of this great organization have had to redouble their efforts so that our great nation might conduct this campaign against the Axis efficiently and successfully.

It is not difficult to imagine the problem it would be to organize an army and carry on production without the wholehearted support of these men. Please give credit where credit is due. Thank you!—*Victor J. Bobay, Sub. Carrier.*



"Camel, stay 'way from my mike!"

ANNOUNCER: Due to a circumstance apparently beyond my control . . . go away, camel, go away! There are a million people listening.



CAMEL: Ah, excellently provided, sahib! I am at my best with a large audience. Be so good as to step aside . . .

ANNOUNCER: Step aside, my arrogant omnibus? If you don't hasten your hooves to the nearest exit, I'll have you *hoisted* out!

CAMEL: But, Master, don't you know me? Don't you recognize the living, breathing, *eloquent* symbol of *dryness*—that most-to-be-saluted quality of PAUL JONES Whiskey? Ah-h-h, dryness—that lack of sweetness which experts demand.

ANNOUNCER: That's enough of your raptures, my querulous quadruped. Just tell me why this dryness you're boasting of is a reason for crashing this program! Yes, and what's *dryness* doing in a whiskey anyhow?

CAMEL: Why, Master of persuasive speech, it is dryness that brings out the true flavor of this noble whiskey, allows its full richness to come through . . . clear and mellow, like your voice, august announcer.

ANNOUNCER: Fine, camel. Just dandy! Except . . . well, who in these times could afford such a jewel among whiskies?

CAMEL: Your pardon, sahib. Didn't you hear me say PAUL JONES Whiskey? It's so magnificent of flavor, yet so modest of price that wise men know PAUL JONES as a *great buy!*

ANNOUNCER: Say, camel, that was positively eloquent! You'd make a swell announcer! I'm taking you downstairs for an audition right now!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF. FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC., LOUISVILLE & BALTIMORE

I Told You So!

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

© HARRIS & EWING

No gas? Here's one man who can grin about it—and does

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

NEVER have I felt such an urge to cry out "I told you so!" so that all might hear with reddening ears. But I don't like this expression when directed to me, and I had vowed to myself that I would not use it even although, with respect to petroleum in the East Coast States, we are much worse off than I was afraid last fall that we would be. But you have asked for it and I cannot resist the temptation. So here goes.

This time last year I was talking to myself. I was the "mighty ventriloquist" of a dream that wouldn't vanish. I was as lonely as a flagpole sitter. Some editors were saying plainly that. such as it was, my mind was wandering. With more petroleum produced in the United States than in all other countries of the globe put together, here was a chucklehead trying to scare car owners into burning less gasoline by telling them that, unless they did, the day would come when we would all wish they had. Thousands of newspaper editorials boiled down to an incisive "Nuts to you, Ickes!"

The facts were clear enough to one sitting where I was. Tanker fleets were getting smaller through diversions and sinkings, and there was no adequate substitute for water transport, such as pipe lines would have been; less ordinary gasoline was being refined in order that there would be more high-octane gasoline for our own air forces, as well as for those of our allies, and enough heavy industrial fuel for war industries. There was also the responsibility of having heating oil to keep us warm, even if we had to learn to walk again. *A reserve supply had to be in storage and maintained at a minimum level at all costs.*

But last fall the people were not ready to believe what we were trying to tell them. All that they could see—all that the newspaper writers could see—were rich, ever-flowing wells in Texas, Illinois, California, Oklahoma, and other oil-producing states. Why should they worry and deny themselves the luxury of usual driving just because Kill-joy Ickes had lost his head and was getting panicky?

When England returned a few of the tankers we had loaned her, and the railroads began filling in the gap by increasing tank-car movements, the situation was relieved long enough to permit the newspaper editors to chortle gleefully, "What did we tell you? Ickes' oil shortage *was* a phony." But "Ickes' oil shortage," as some still insist on calling it, was just getting under way. A combination of transportation deficiencies and increased demands for fuel other than regular gasoline was forcing our reserve supplies below a safe minimum level. Oil men saw it and broke out in a cold sweat, but the omniscient newspaper men (including magaziners) and columnists had said there wasn't anything to worry about, and they were the supreme court on this question.

In the circumstances, it became necessary to work from the other side of the street—the consumer side. We said, therefore, that it was going to be up to every car owner to get more miles out of his gasoline through reduced speeds, slower starts, conditioned motors, and other common-sense economies. We said he would have to use his car less. Either that, we warned, or be rationed. To postpone rationing we limited the supply of gasoline that filling stations might sell and co-operated with them by establishing shorter hours of work.

But still the newspapers yelled "Phony!" And then, when a Congressional committee "discovered" that we *did* have a "shortage of surplus" (meaning a falling off of reserves—just what we had been saying), the editorial writers again gave me the well known bird. Railroad influence had killed present hopes for pipe lines by promising to do the impossible job of hauling all of the oil that might be needed. That helped to quiet public nerves at the expense of mine. It also shoved me deeper inside the doghouse.

Of course, that's all I ever said there was—a shortage of surplus, or reserves, or whatever it might be called, plus a shortage of transportation. There never has been a shortage of oil, and there won't be for years to come. But, in spite of everything that could be done to restore it to normal, our reserve supply kept falling lower and lower. Mind you, we were not yet officially in the war. We were merely holding two or three coats. The oil industry was doing its utmost to keep everybody filled up and happy, the railroads were doing their best, but in the end they were unequal to the task, and so a few weeks ago a rush order went through for the construction of a pipe line from Texas to Illinois—the same pipe line I had been urging should be built from Texas to New York and Philadelphia.

Pearl Harbor raised a flock of new worries to beset us. Rubber, for one. I have nothing officially to do with that. More planes, more high-octane gas; more war industries, more solid fuel. It was obvious that, somewhere along the line, somebody was going to have to burn less gasoline. It was logical that this should be the non-essential driver.

One didn't have to be particularly clever to see the oil crisis coming a year or more ago. All that was necessary was common sense and the checking of one's prejudice. However, one does have to be almighty dumb not to recognize it in perspective now that it's here. "Ickes' phony shortage" was for a long time a favorite catch line for editorial writers and columnists until events reduced most of them to a Stygian silence.

And so here I am again. I am no longer talking to myself. I have an audience this time of approximately thirty-three million motorists. Here and there I spot sheepish-faced pencil pushers who, not so long ago, were telling their customers that I was more to be scorned than pitied. Some of the boys still think I am cracked on certain themes, but they are not so sure now that petroleum is one of them.

I REALIZE that if there is one thing capable of straining my already well strained relations with the press it is a disagreeable "I told you so." But what's a little strain, more or less, between the newspapers and Harold Ickes? By their consistently stupid and oftentimes petty treatment of the petroleum problem the newspapers have earned a rousing round of Bronx cheers with a couple of tigers thrown in for certain columnists whose names I restrain myself from mentioning.

Had the newspapers and the columnists—and may I say gratefully that there are enlightened exceptions in both groups—been big enough a year ago to suppress their personal opinions and stick to the facts, the inevitable oil crisis, I am convinced, would not have been as acute as it has become. We could not have escaped it indefinitely, but at least we would not today be starting for the job with an uncomfortable feeling that we might have to walk home. And we might be vacationing in 1942 almost as usual.

The railroads are continuing their good work and by the time this is in print may be transporting 800,000 barrels of oil a day. I hope so. But I continue to advocate pipe lines. And I wish that we could ride our inland waterways with all of the barges that we hear about but can never find when we go to get them.

The wrigglings of some die-hard newspapers to make it look as though they knew all the time what they were talking about is very amusing. However, they do say that the tail of a garter snake continues to wriggle until it is dark. Quit struggling, boys. You were all wet and you may as well come out and dry yourselves.

In other words—I told you so!

THE END

Signed

with the proudest signature in whiskeydom

Sealed

with the green stamp that stands for the strictest whiskey standards in the world

and Delicious

with the fine rich flavor of Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey at its glorious best

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey — only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

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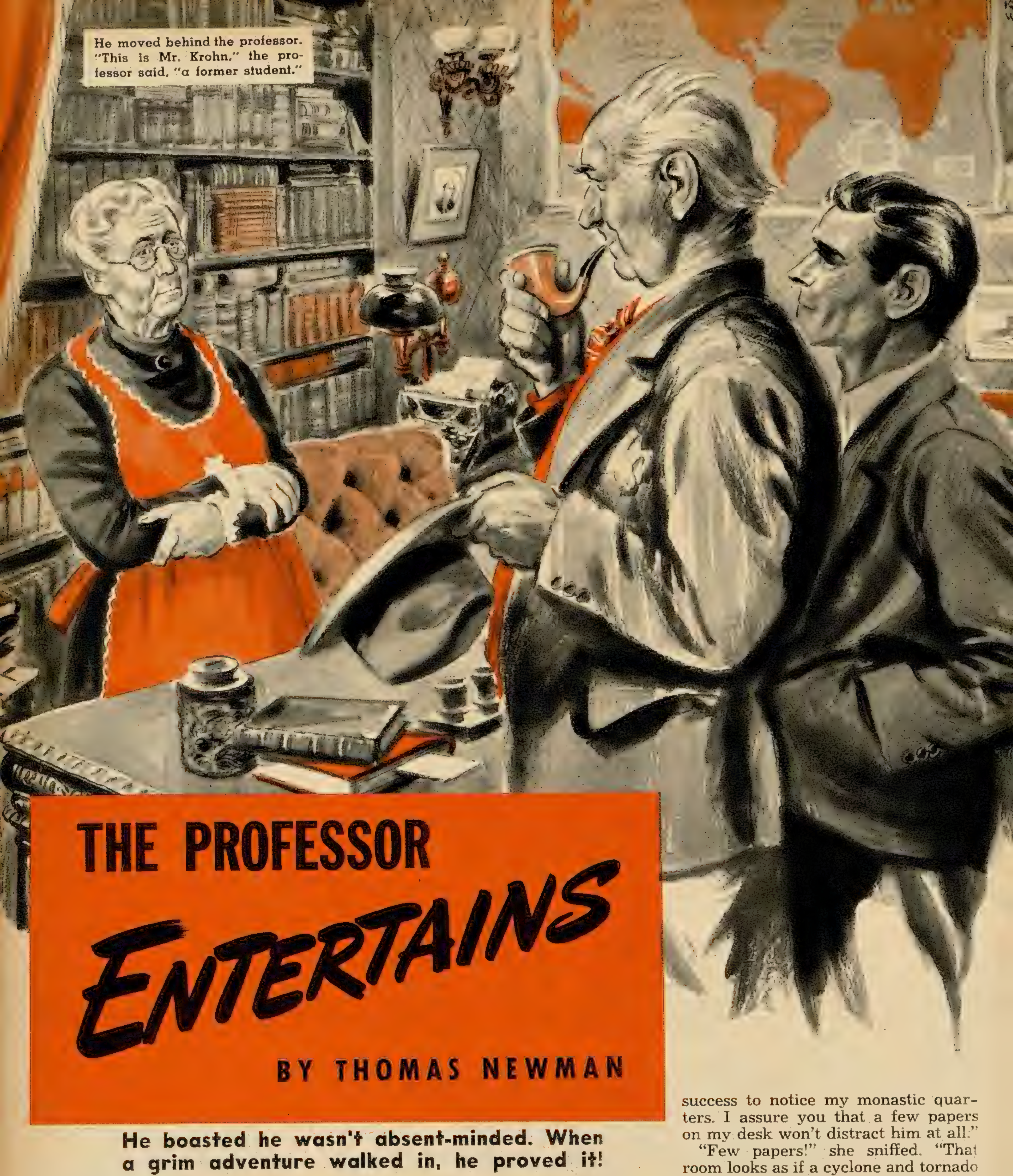
National Distillers Products Corp.
New York



He moved behind the professor. "This is Mr. Krohn," the professor said, "a former student."

THE PROFESSOR ENTERTAINS

BY THOMAS NEWMAN

He boasted he wasn't absent-minded. When a grim adventure walked in, he proved it!

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

MRS. ROWLAND, his housekeeper, was washing the lunch dishes when the professor entered the kitchen, smoking the curved yellow calabash pipe. He usually went to the laboratory on Saturday afternoons, but the calabash indicated other plans. It was his at-home pipe, a huge affair that took more than an hour to smoke.

Politely she turned off the faucets. "No experimentin' today?"

"Confound it, no. We're having a visitor this afternoon."

Panic touched the housekeeper. "Oh, not in the study, Dr. Eldridge. It's so dirty! You haven't let me tidy it in over a week."

"Nonsense," the professor said cheerfully. "This is a former student, and, if I know former students, he will be too busy telling me of his success to notice my monastic quarters. I assure you that a few papers on my desk won't distract him at all."

"Few papers!" she sniffed. "That room looks as if a cyclone and tornado had gotten married in it. I declare, I don't see why you keep me here. You do your own marketing, send your clothes out to a laundry, and won't let me clean the house. All I do is a little cooking."

Dr. Eldridge smiled. "You must admit I market very well, Mrs. Rowland. Isn't that an excellent cut of beef I picked out for the pot roast tonight? It's simply your misfortune that I am a man of habits. You deserve an absent-minded professor.

Never mind, you shall have your way. After our visitor leaves, you may clean the study."

"I could do it now," Mrs. Rowland said eagerly, "before he comes."

"He will probably arrive any minute. He phoned to say he was from out of town and had to catch an early train. Please serve tea and your delicious cookies in about an hour. By the way, we are entitled to another two pounds of sugar on Monday. I must remember to buy it. I've been craving some of your strawberry tarts."

He strolled back to the study, the calabash leaving a trail of aromatic smoke behind him. Who was this fellow Krohn, and, darn him, why was he so anxious to talk over old times? That's what came of being overfriendly with students. They butted in on you ten years later, with pictures of their wife and three kids, on the only day of the week when you had the laboratory to yourself. Say, he thought, checking his irritability, I'm getting to be an old fogy! I should be flattered that these men remember me, want to see me again. Krohn, whoever he was, could go to a Broadway show on his afternoon in town. There was nothing very entertaining about a chat with an aging chemistry professor.

Mrs. Rowland was right, of course. The room was unnecessarily cluttered with papers and some of those books could be returned to their shelves. The trouble was that she didn't know exactly where they belonged, and, in spite of the messiness of his study, there was a precise order about it. He replaced the books and began rapidly to throw sheets of paper into the grate. They represented the discarded formulae, the beginnings of his experiment. He had started while they were building the new Science Hall, and now his completed notes were in a cabinet at the modern beautifully equipped laboratory.

His desk was reasonably bare, the grate piled high, when the doorbell rang.

DR. ELDRIDGE had an excellent memory for faces, and he could not remember the one before him. It was a thin, gray-eyed, tight-lipped face that belonged to a small man in his early thirties.

"Sit down, Mr. Krohn," he said heartily. "Nice of you to drop in. You're living out of town now, eh?"

"Out West." The man seemed to have caught the professor's blank glance. "I believe you don't remember me, Dr. Eldridge."

"Oh, you were just a youngster then. I dare say you've changed a lot in all these years. Let me see," he asked, his fingers tapping the calabash bowl—"just when did you study with me?"

"It was in '33, my last year in school."

The professor was surprised. "In 1933? Are you sure of that?"

"Positive," the man said. "I traced it back while I was on the train."

Dr. Eldridge ceased his drumming on the pipe. "You are mistaken. You couldn't have been in my class then. I was on sabbatical leave in 1933."

Krohn laughed nervously. "Dates were always my bugaboo. I don't know how I ever passed history. Anyway, I've never forgotten you. I enjoyed your course more than any other I took in school."

"Thank you." Abruptly the professor leaned forward, his features creased in recognition. "How stupid of me! Of course—now I remember you. You took 'Qualitative' with me."

"Yes, yes. That was it. 'Qualitative.'"

Dr. Eldridge nodded pleasantly. "I have never taught 'Qualitative.' Not in my twenty years of teaching chemistry. . . . Suppose you tell me why you're here, Mr. Krohn."

A MOMENT passed in rigid silence, as though waiting for a camera to click. Then the small man looked up, not startled, not frightened. His face was relaxed and he seemed glad that the ruse was finished. From his pocket he pulled out a package of "makings" and began to roll a cigarette. The professor watched the thin lips carefully lick the paper, and he had a premonition of his mistake. He had been too hasty in unmasking this man.

"Sometimes," Krohn said, "it is not wise to be smart. My deception could have accomplished the purpose just as well. Dr. Eldridge, I want your butyl experiments."

The professor tried to laugh, but it had a false, barren ring.

"Good Lord, how did you hear of them? They're just the feeble attempts of a professor to forget his twenty years of teaching bored young men how to make H_2O. Really, you flatter me. My crackbrain experiments — What do you want with them?"

"Don't bother with this. We both know they are valuable in a process for synthetic rubber. Otherwise you wouldn't have gotten in touch with Washington."

The calabash had gone out and Dr. Eldridge relit it. "I understand now," he said quietly. "You're some sort of inside man with Nazi affiliations. Very clever, I'm sure. Well, my papers are at the college laboratory, which is closed on Saturday afternoons."

"You have the key," Krohn snapped. "There is also the possibility that you are carrying them with you. Please empty your pockets—and, in case you're wondering about it, I have a gun with me, naturally."

"Naturally," the professor said. He began to turn his pockets inside out—handkerchief, change, keys, tobacco pouch, and wallet. Krohn reached for the bulging wallet and strewed its contents on the desk. He returned the money, three fives and a single, and examined the small stack of creased papers one by one.

Dr. Eldridge smiled ruefully. "My apologies for untidiness. Most of those scraps should have been thrown away long ago."

The small man did not answer. He was very thorough in his search. He read through an invitation to a faculty tea and a letter from the professor's sister who lived upstate. Receipted bills, a marketing list, sugar stamps. A month's debris was piled on the desk.

"Nothing in this mess. We'll go to the laboratory. Put these things back in your pockets."

The professor scooped up his articles but threw the discarded papers into the grate.

He took his hat and coat from the study closet.

"Now call to your housekeeper," Krohn ordered, "and tell her you're going out and won't be back for a while."

Dr. Eldridge obeyed. He opened the door and shouted into the kitchen, "I may not be home for dinner, Mrs. Rowland."

"Why, Dr. Eldridge!" Her voice floated back in surprise. Footsteps followed as she came to the study, her face wrinkled in perplexity.

Krohn moved behind the professor in a sudden gesture. There was no doubting the purpose of the movement, the swift way in which his left hand went to his pocket.

"This is Mr. Krohn," the professor said smoothly, "a former student. We are going over to the lab, where we used to work together—just for old times' sake. Shall we leave now, Mr. Krohn?"

"YOU see," Mrs. Rowland told the policemen, "I phoned you a few minutes later. After they'd left I went right in to clean the study—like Dr. Eldridge knew I would—but there were two things worrying me. First, it wasn't like the professor to say he might not be coming home to dinner, after he bought the pot roast and all. Also, I was getting a kink in my brain trying to figure out why he was fooling that Mr. Krohn—"

"Fooling Krohn?" one of the policemen asked. "What d'ye mean by that?"

"Please, just a second. Let me tell the whole story. I went into the study, and there, lying in the grate, was the professor's sugar-ration book. Then I was sure something funny had happened, because he'd never in the world make a mistake like that. Throwing away his sugar stamps—what an idea!"

"Unthinkable!" agreed the professor. "I'm much too fond of my creature comforts."

The housekeeper continued: "All of a sudden I realized what he was trying to do. He was telling me about this Mr. Krohn—*that he wasn't what he claimed to be.* You see, they couldn't be going to visit the old laboratory where he was supposed to have studied with Dr. Eldridge. It was torn down more than a year ago. There's a brand-new Science Hall in its place. Well, I jumped for the telephone and called the police station. . . . Of course it would've been a mighty different story if he was one of those absent-minded professors!"

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FROM THE
U.S. COAST GUARD

OFFICIAL U. S. COAST GUARD PHOTO

The Coast Guard's love to Adolf's U-boats—on a depth charge.

IN the July 18 issue a seaman 2d class wrote, "The Navy insists on dressing its men in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit." My father served in the Navy, I served in the Navy, and my son is now serving in the Navy. We have never yet heard our uniform referred to other than with pride until this instance.

Why should he criticize it now, when he saw it before he joined up? He wasn't drafted, he chose the Navy. I wonder why.

C. L. A., Yeoman 3d Class.

Shortly after the July 18 issue hit the stands it seemed as though practically the entire Navy had risen in its wrath. Indignant letters poured in from admirals and raw "boots" alike. Only one sided with Seaman 2d Class to the extent of favoring a dress uniform. The others? Well, some of the letters should have been written on asbestos paper. It was pointed out that (1) the uniform is functional, not decorative; (2) the collar not only serves a valuable purpose in a storm or tropical sun but also is preferable to a girdle around one's windpipe as in the Army; (3) the thirteen buttons are strategically placed so the pants can be removed easily and quickly if a man has to swim for it; (4) the entire two-piece uniform is so designed as to roll tightly, fit into a minimum of space, and come out neat, clean, and ready to wear. And it was implied that Seaman had never felt or seen salt water except possibly as a gargle. O. K., *I'm* sold on Navy blues and whites.

* * *

I think I am getting a dirty deal and so is any other Coastguardman who has an ambition to become an aviator. Why? Because, after passing physical and mental examinations for the Army Air Corps, I have been refused a discharge from the Coast Guard. As a result of a recently enacted law, transfers from one service to another are not approved. The Army, Navy, and Marines have their respective Air Corps. Any man who qualifies can transfer into that branch of his service. But this does not hold true in the Coast Guard, where aviation is limited to flying patrols and rescue work. Out of thousands of eligible men only a few can be accepted for flight training. Why can't those who qualify transfer into the Army and Navy Air Corps, where they are badly needed? Vacancies left by these men could easily be filled by those who cannot qualify as pilots.

W. E. J., RM/2c (Coast Guard),
San Juan, Puerto Rico.

You have me there. Maybe some high-up in the Coast Guard will volunteer an explanation. All I can say is that any general law enacted for the good of the whole usually works some hardship on the few—which seems to be true here.

* * *

Even money on a sure thing is involved, but I can't convince the guy who is holding the dinero. I say the highest character rating an enlisted man can get on his discharge is Excellent. The other guy says Superior tops it. What's your decision?

T/3 E. Z., Quarry Heights, C. Z.

You win. Excellent is the highest rating possible for enlisted men; on efficiency reports of *officers* the word Superior may appear.

* * *

I was sworn in the Army Air Corps as a flying cadet before the new dependency bill became law. I have a wife and one child, and my wife signed a statement, prepared and required by the Army, that she would not ask me or the government for any support during my enlistment. Is my family eligible for dependency compensation now?

Pvt. J. C. M., Indianapolis, Ind.

The dependents of any person in the Armed Forces who receives less than $72 a month will benefit from the new law, but an aviation cadet gets $75 per while in training. Looks like you're out o' luck.

* * *

Is it possible to become a staff sergeant after being in the Army only three months and without going through the intermediate noncom grades such as corporal?

J. B., Ashtabula, Ohio.

There is nothing in Army regulations to prohibit a commanding officer from jumping a private even to master sergeant. In peacetime the principle and practice of seniority are generally adhered to, but in wartime fast promotions are not uncommon.

* * *

At a formal regimental retreat parade, when the national anthem was played, the companies were aligned with their backs to the music and the flag. The commanding officers of the companies came to present arms facing the reviewing officer, not the flag or music.

Was this correct?

M/Sgt. O. D. S., 1st/Sgt. E. G. F.,
S/Sgt. C. W. T., Sgt. U. D. P.,
Cpl. R. J. H., Pvt. N. M. D.,
Willows Field, Calif.

It was entirely correct. At a formal retreat parade the reviewing officer receives all honors, and if he is a General officer the regimental colors are drooped in his honor. You should be more familiar with A. R. 600-25 than you evidently are.

* * *

A million thanks to the million readers (it seemed) who suggested slogans for the Infantry, in response to the item in the July 4 issue. I can't hope that all the good losers will agree with my selection of the winners, but as the "sole and final judge" I finally narrowed the choice down to two that appealed to *me* most. I couldn't decide between them, so both men get year's subscriptions to Liberty. Strangely enough, neither is an Infantryman. Staff Sergeant R. L. Coon of the 204th Coast Artillery (A. A.) offered Keep 'Em Covered, which seemed to me to be the best of all the "Keep 'Em" slogans. Private Joseph Glowacki of the 35th A. R., 4th Armored Division, came up with a slogan so simple and obvious that every one else overlooked it, and it's as typically American as corn on the cob: Give 'Em Hell. Ladeez and Gennlemen, the winnahs!

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

UNITY THAT GETS THINGS DONE *IN A BIG WAY*

● You hear a lot about pooling these days — pooling materials — pooling machines — pooling man power.

This is an old story to the railroads.

For nearly sixty years, the freight cars of any railroad in North America have been used by every other railroad — the greatest continental pool of carrying capacity ever conceived.

To accomplish this free use of any car by all railroads has meant

. . . that track gauge must be the same

. . . that couplers must work together

. . . that brake systems must be uniform

. . . that parts must be so standardized that any shop anywhere can service and repair any car

. . . and that there must be plans and arrangements among railroads for this continuous flow of cars from line to line.

This marvel of practical coordination is one big reason why, since war came, the railroads have been able to meet demand upon demand for more and more transportation service — hauling more freight more miles in 1941 than any transportation system anywhere in the world had ever before hauled in a year—and they are leaving that record far behind in 1942.

Yes, unity—unity among the railroads, unity between the shippers and the railroads, and between both of them and the government—gets things done in a big way. The nation's other war needs limit the amount of materials which can be used to equip the railroads to do still more, but with what they have, and what they may be able to get, the railroads will deliver the last measure of transportation.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN UNITED FOR VICTORY **RAILROADS**
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY
SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOS

THIS IS AMERICA

SKY-GUERRILLAS

They study the terrain, review the plan of action. "We jump from the planes here . . . keep under cover until the zero hour. . . ."

The paratroops!—One big jump and they're there, armed, rationed, and ready to fight

THEY'RE trained to fight under difficulties, to think quickly in an emergency, these paratroopers who will some day be the advance guard of the army which will drive the Nazis out of occupied Europe, the Japs out of Asia. Dropping from planes in swift flight over enemy territory—country with which they have familiarized themselves through photographs and maps—they can carry on deadly guerrilla warfare, paralyze power centers, blow up oil tanks, warehouses, hangars, harass the foe in a thousand ways.

Their arms come down in supply parachutes along with the famous "K" ration developed by the Quartermaster Corps Subsistence Research Laboratory. This fighting ration, packed in heat-resistant fiber cartons only six by four by two inches in size, one carton for each meal, contains heat and energy units appreciably above the number the average man uses up in a day.

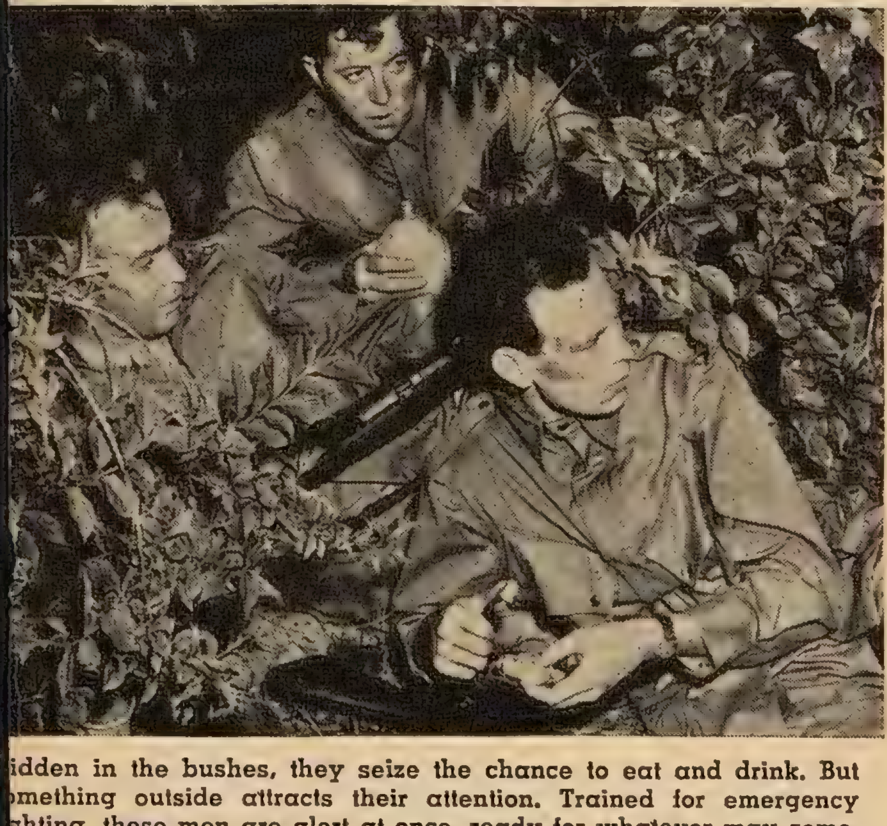
e has just leaped from the plane. In a moment now his parachute ill flare open. He knows exactly what to do when he lands. "You, hnson and Andrews and White, will make for the powerhouse . . ."

Stripping themselves of their parachutes as they run, paratroopers speed toward supply chutes that are coming down carrying their guns and the "K" rations that fit in specially designed uniform pockets.

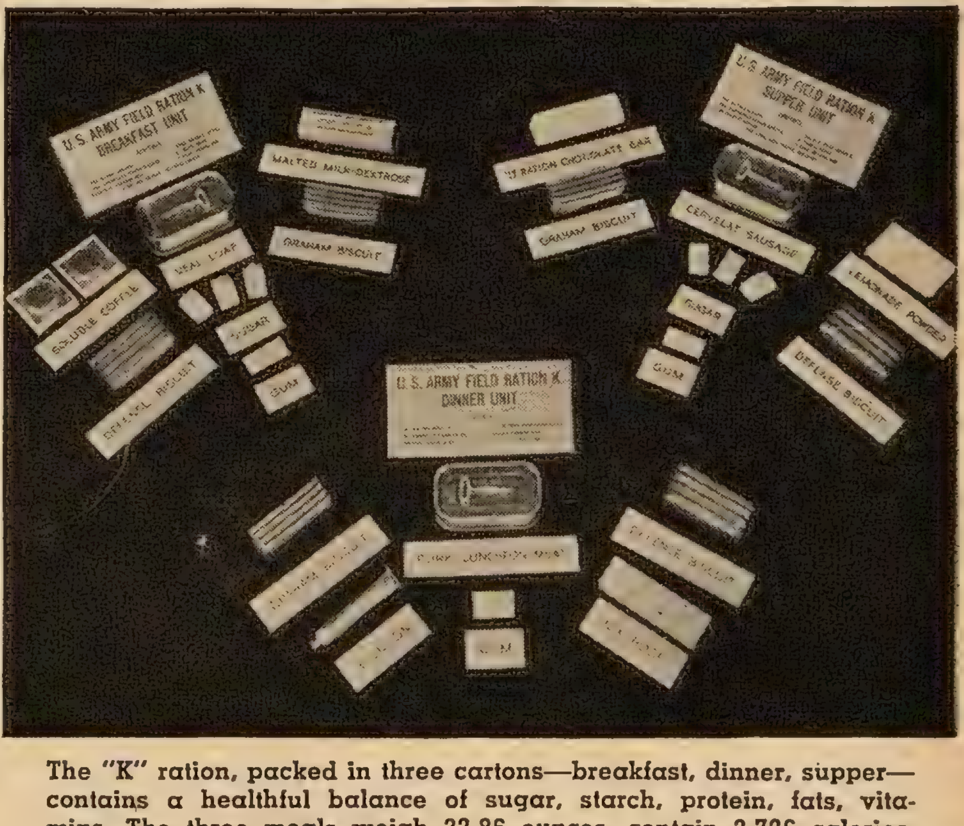
Ionths of training have accustomed aratroopers to such uncomfortable andings. He'll get down all right!

Four of the landing party pick up machine guns and rations dropped by a supply parachute. Soon they'll have everything they need to do a good night's work.

Zero hour, and the attack is on! The shrubbery that has been their shelter becomes alive with grim fighting men.



idden in the bushes, they seize the chance to eat and drink. But omething outside attracts their attention. Trained for emergency ghting, these men are alert at once, ready for whatever may come.


U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION K BREAKFAST UNIT
MALTED MILK-DEXTROSE
GRAHAM BISCUIT
SOLUBLE COFFEE
VEAL LOAF
SUGAR
GUM
DEFENSE BISCUIT
U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION K SUPPER UNIT
"K" RATION CHOCOLATE BAR
GRAHAM BISCUIT
CERVELAT SAUSAGE
SUGAR
GUM
LEMONADE POWDER
DEFENSE BISCUIT
U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION K DINNER UNIT
PORK LUNCHEON MEAT
DEFENSE BISCUIT
GUM

The "K" ration, packed in three cartons—breakfast, dinner, supper—contains a healthful balance of sugar, starch, protein, fats, vitamins. The three meals weigh 32.86 ounces, contain 3,726 calories.

NIGHT AT THE NARROWS

Continued from Page 11

"The door is open?" she asked unnecessarily.

"Yes, madame," Marta said.

"It didn't stick or anything when you tried to open it?"

"No, madame—or, if it did, I didn't notice."

Mrs. MacGregor clutched the bathrobe round her frail old shoulders. "Come with me," she commanded. She walked down the hall and opened the door and went into the northwest bedroom. It was dark in the room because the blinds were drawn. But it was light enough for Mrs. MacGregor to see that everything was as it should be. The big four-poster stood against one wall, its counterpane fresh and unwrinkled. Opposite, between the windows, was the great sandalwood chest that some seafaring MacGregor had brought home from the Indies. Against the third wall, opposite the door, was the massive wardrobe that once had held Captain MacGregor's clothes. In one corner was an old-fashioned shaving stand, complete with mirror and marble basin. In another was the circular iron staircase that led up through the attic to the cupola and the captain's walk on the roof. Nothing in the room was amiss; everything was exactly as usual.

"MARTA," Mrs. MacGregor said, "I tried this door last night and it was locked. I couldn't sleep, so I got up and tried to come in here, and—"

She stopped abruptly, staring. For the first time since entering the room, she really looked at the door. And saw that the key was in the lock—the outside lock.

"Maybe you had a nightmare," Marta was saying hopefully. "Sometimes one dreams those things so hard that they seem real. I had nightmares myself last night. It was the thunderstorm, I think—"

"It was not a dream," Mrs. MacGregor said angrily. "I stood right there and tried the door, and it was locked, and the key wasn't in it!"

Marta's pale eyes traveled to the door, noted the key, then returned to her mistress with an almost pathetic expression of disbelief.

"As we grow older," she said soothingly, "our imaginations grow stronger, isn't it? My mother had weak nerves, and sometimes she saw visions that—"

"Damn your mother and her visions!" snapped Mrs. MacGregor. "Go and fix me some coffee. I don't feel like tea this morning."

Marta fled downstairs. When she was gone, Mrs. MacGregor stalked over and closed the door. She twisted the knob. The door opened easily. She took out the key and locked the door from the inside. The lock turned a bit stiffly, but it turned. She unlocked the door and put the key in her pocket.

With a curiously determined look, she walked across the room and opened the big wardrobe. She struggled with the lid of the chest, managed to raise it a bit, and peered into the empty fragrant interior. Finally she went over to the corner and, after some hesitation, began to mount the circular iron stairs. It was a stiff climb for an old lady, but she persisted until at last she stood in the cupola, with the sky a brilliant blue all around her and the gulls crying harshly over The Narrows.

A tugboat with a string of barges was creeping through the channel, so close that Mrs. MacGregor could see the tarnished braid on the captain's cap. She watched it moodily until her heart stopped pounding, and then she went down again to her own room and dressed herself slowly.

When she finally came downstairs, the house was full of the sharp, unaccustomed smell of coffee. In front of the door Red Loki was waiting patiently to be let out. Mrs. MacGregor regarded him thoughtfully.

"And how are *your* nerves this morning?" she asked him.

Loki indicated that, entirely apart from nerves, his immediate preference lay out of doors. Mrs. MacGregor let him out, and walked over and extinguished the oil lamp that still burned in the window with a pallid flame. Mechanically she checked the kerosene, noted that it needed to be replenished, and went into the dining room for her coffee.

20 QUESTIONS

1. This slogan is appearing on billboards, in newspapers and magazines throughout the country. Can you finish it? "You Give to Someone You Know — — — — — — — — — —."

2. Iran has another name. What is it?

3. Six Presidents of the United States died while in office. Can you name four of them?

4. What would you expect to see in a numismatic museum?

5. Who are these men: Ernest Paul Burger and Edward John Kerling?

6. These three dams are built on what American river—Parker Dam, Marshall Ford Dam, and Boulder Dam?

7. There are no locks in the Suez Canal. Why are locks necessary in the Panama Canal?

8. Is this statement true or false: Admiral Byrd discovered the South Pole?

9. The feminine leads of these four pictures won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award. The pictures are Jezebel, The Good Earth, The Great Ziegfeld, and Dangerous. Who are the stars?

10. Do you know what the largest library in the country is?

11. Eugene Ormandy is the official conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Cleveland Symphony, or the Philadelphia Orchestra?

12. Thomas Edison's work is very familiar to most people. Which one of the following inventions was not his: quadruplex telegraph, talking machine, incandescent lamp, transformer, motion-picture machine?

13. What is the name of the woman who heads the W. A. A. C.?

14. In the last ten years, how many times have the New York Yankees failed to win the American League pennant?

15. Which is longer, a centimeter or an inch?

16. What have Tacitus, Gibbon, and Charles Beard in common?

17. A cryptanalyst does what kind of work?

18. Who is U. S. Secretary of Agriculture?

19. Caviar is the roe of what fish?

20. Which of these writers has not written mystery stories—Mary Roberts Rinehart, A. A. Milne, John Dickson Carr, John O'Hara?

(Answers will be found on page 41)

As she drank it she tried to analyze the mystery of the door. It might, as Marta said, have been a dream. After all, a good many of her waking hours were occupied with dreams that had more reality than the actual circumstances of her life. And yet, there was the inescapable fact of Loki's strange behavior. She could hardly have dreamed that. Of course, that experience might have set her imagination working, might have led to a dream.

SHE shook her head, trying to dismiss the whole affair, and went upstairs to write some letters. On the way to her own room she could not resist an impulse to try the door again. But it opened easily, and she closed it quickly, feeling a trifle silly and hoping that Marta hadn't heard her.

Her own room was hazy with sunshine. She sat down at her desk, and through the windows she could see The Narrows sparkling. Before the war the channel had been a highway for an endless procession of ships and barges. Now that procession had dwindled almost to nothing, although sometimes at night large vessels slipped cautiously in or out, so close that, even though blacked out, their silhouettes were visible. Night at The Narrows. Somehow on this bright morning Mrs. MacGregor did not like the sound of those words.

Doggedly she forced herself to write two notes, read them over, tore them up. Finally, despising herself for her weakness, she picked up the phone at her elbow and dialed her daughter's number, and asked her, elaborately casual, whether she could come down and spend the night.

"I don't see how I can, mother," her daughter said regretfully. "Fred has to make a speech at a defense meeting tonight, and if I'm not there to hold his hand his stage fright simply runs away with him." She hesitated. "Is anything wrong down there?"

"No," Mrs. MacGregor said slowly. "My nerves seem to be playing a few tricks on me, that's all. At least, that's what Marta says."

"Well, then," her daughter suggested, "why not let me send Chris to stay with you? She'd love it and—"

"At nineteen," Mrs. MacGregor commented dryly, "there are doubtless other things she enjoys more."

"Nonsense," Christine's mother said. "Anyway, I'd like to break up a few of her dates with this Mike Nolan. Fred and I think she's seeing entirely too much of him. He's a nice boy, of course, but hardly our idea of a son-in-law. Besides, she's so young—"

"I know," Mrs. MacGregor said tolerantly. "I felt exactly the same way about Fred before you married him. Let's see, now—how old were you when—"

"Oh, mother!" her daughter said. "Stop being so insufferably wise! I'll tell Chris when she wakes up—along about noon, probably!—and, unless you hear to the contrary, she'll be down in time for supper."

"That'll be fine," Mrs. MacGregor had said, "much as I hate to interfere with the course of true love."

So now it was almost suppertime and Chris would be arriving any minute. Mrs. MacGregor put down her knitting and touched a bell to summon Marta. She had told the servant to expect Chris for supper, but for some reason she had not added that the girl was going to spend the night. The reason probably was, Mrs. MacGregor reluctantly admitted to herself, that she did not want Marta to think she was afraid.

Marta came in and bobbed her absurd little curtsy, and Mrs. MacGregor said, "Marta, it's just possible that Miss Christine may stay for the night. You'd better have a bed ready for her, in any case."

"Yes, madame," Marta said quietly enough. "Which bed?"

As a small child Christine had always delighted to sleep in her grandfather's unoccupied four-poster, and even now on her less frequent visits that was where she usually slept. But tonight Mrs. MacGregor said abruptly, "We'll put her in the little blue room if she stays."

Marta said tranquilly, "Yes, madame."

"And, Marta," said her mistress, "fill the silver lamp with kerosene, will you? I meant to tell you this morning that it was low."

Marta picked up the lamp and took it into the kitchen. She brought it back a moment later and set it on its table, and as she did so the doorbell rang.

"There's Christine now," Mrs. MacGregor said happily, rolling up her knitting. "Let her in, will you, Marta?"

HAVING driven one gang of stevedores into a state bordering on collapse, Mike Nolan decided to have himself a hamburger and a cup of coffee before meeting Christine. He looked at his watch, observed that he had about twenty minutes, and decided to go to the diner that ornamented, in a very dubious way, the street that paralleled the water front.

He washed up, shrugged on a sweat shirt that made him look more disreputable than ever—if possible—and walked rapidly through the crowded shed to the employees' entrance.

The guard at the gate said, "Hi, Mike. Big job tonight, hey?"

"Pretty busy, all right," Mike said noncommittally. The habit of silence about his work had become almost a part of him.

He swung down the street, had his hamburger, glanced at the clock, and allotted himself two minutes for pleasurable daydreaming about Christine. There was a girl for you—looks and spirit and the kind of inner warmth that satisfied the restless and the lonely in a man. When his commission came through, perhaps her family would withdraw their opposition to a war marriage. Not that he blamed them, much. In their eyes, he must look like a pretty rough diamond, at best. If only he could do something dramatic to prove himself—rescue Christine, maybe, from a burning house.

"'Nother cuppa coffee, handsome?" There *was* a blonde, of sorts, behind the counter, and she was leaning forward hopefully.

Mike grinned at her. "No, thanks, sister," he said. "Keeps me awake!" He picked up his battered hat, put a coin on the counter, shot an appraising glance at the lady.

"UH-UH," he said to himself, and squared his box-car shoulders and went whistling back to work. "Not a bad figure, though," he soliloquized as an afterthought, giving credit where it was due.

He was almost back to the pier when Christine's car drew up beside him. "Going my way, big boy?" she said with what she fondly imagined to be a leer.

"Might as well, baby," Mike said with regal indifference. He opened the door of the car and climbed in beside Christine. "Just left my blonde," he informed her. "Boy, was she luscious! Honey-colored hair, big blue eyes—"

"I'll claw 'em out," said Christine threateningly, flexing her crimson talons. "Where to, handsome?"

"Just park anywhere along the water front," Mike said, "now that you've learned to appreciate my manly beauty."

"I was telling mother this afternoon," Christine said happily, "how closely you resemble an amiable ape." She eased the car expertly to a stop. "But I love you anyway."

He reached out a big paw and turned her face to his. "You'd better," he growled gently, and kissed her. He kissed so long, so thoroughly, and with such obvious enjoyment that the pilot of a passing ferryboat finally could stand it no longer and saluted them with a series of derisive blasts on his whistle.

"Mike, you dope," Christine said at last, fighting her way halfheartedly out of his embrace. "It's still daylight!"

"So it is," admitted Mike; "and soon

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it will be night, and there you will be alone at The Narrows with no one to kiss you like that. Ah, me, the pity of it all."

Christine smiled reminiscently. "I know," she said softly. "That's where I had my first kiss, too. I was ten years old, and a big ruffian of thirteen stole it from me."

"Who did?" Mike demanded, glowering belligerently.

"You," she said contentedly. "I'd locked myself in the big wardrobe and couldn't get out and got scared and started bawling. And you came and let me out, and kissed me." She looked at him sideways. "Cradle snatcher!"

Mike grinned. "I'm more inclined to remember the rainy Saturday down there when we played bullfighter. You were the audience, standing on your grandfather's four-poster—"

"With a bath towel as a mantilla!"

"—yelling *'Olé!'* at the top of your lungs, the way Spaniards are supposed to do, while I impersonated both the matador and the bull. In the latter role, I remember, I charged into the shaving stand and broke the mirror. Boy, your grandmother was mad! I never dared go back."

Christine ruffled his hair. "You always were a bull in a china shop," she said. "Look, darling, I've got to go. Marta always has her meals on the dot."

"Marta?"

"Granny's housekeeper. Since your day, but a fixture now."

Mike exhaled a mighty sigh. "Well, I ought to get back myself," he said. "We're as busy as a bunch of sinners on Sunday. One more kiss before we two shall part?"

Christine had been repairing the damage to her mouth, and now she merely brushed his lips with hers in a tantalizing kiss. "Can't send you back covered with lipstick," she said.

Mike groaned and clenched his big fists. "Gosh," he said, "when you do that I feel like slaying six dragons!"

"Wait till you're in uniform," Chris advised him. She said it lightly enough, but she felt her heart contract at the thought. When she stopped at the pier to let him out, she wanted to say to him, "Mike, marry me—marry me soon." But all she said was, "Be seeing you, Gargantua," and blew a kiss.

FIVE minutes later she parked her car where the street ended in front of her grandmother's house and got out with a little sigh of resignation. She loved the old lady dearly, but the silhouette of the house looked square and grim against the copper-green sky. The street lights were not functioning because of the dim-out. The lonely street was deserted, and Christine felt as if she were at the end of the world. There was, furthermore, something about marsh grass at dusk that gave her hay fever. She sneezed unhappily and looked wistfully across The Narrows at the glow in the sky that marked the center of the city. Then she shook herself and walked up the white marble steps and rang the bell.

"Hello, Marta," she said, when the servant opened the door. "How're tricks?" She stepped inside and sniffed hungrily. "Steak for supper? Good—I could eat a moose!"

In the living room the red setter ambled up to greet her. She pulled his ears affectionately and went over and kissed her grandmother. "Well," she said, "you look younger than ever! What's this false rumor you've been spreading about your nerves?"

Mrs. MacGregor laughed and patted her granddaughter's cheek. "Belongs in the same category with the rumors about your love life, I guess. I'm glad to see you, child. Sit down and tell me about this wild young man your mother is worried about."

Christine sat down, only too glad of an excuse to talk about Mike. "He's not wild, really, granny. You'd like him if you knew him. Matter of fact, you did know him once. He was the redheaded, freckle-faced kid who used to play with me over here once in a while. We had bullfights in the northwest bedroom—remember?"

"I do indeed," said Mrs. MacGregor grimly. "You young hellions broke your grandfather's mirror. But he was an attractive youngster, that redhead, and you adored him even then. Tell me, how does he make you feel now?"

Christine smiled. "Sort of as if I'd swallowed a dozen butterflies. Live ones."

"Hum," said Mrs. MacGregor. "That's bad. And how, may I ask, do you affect him?"

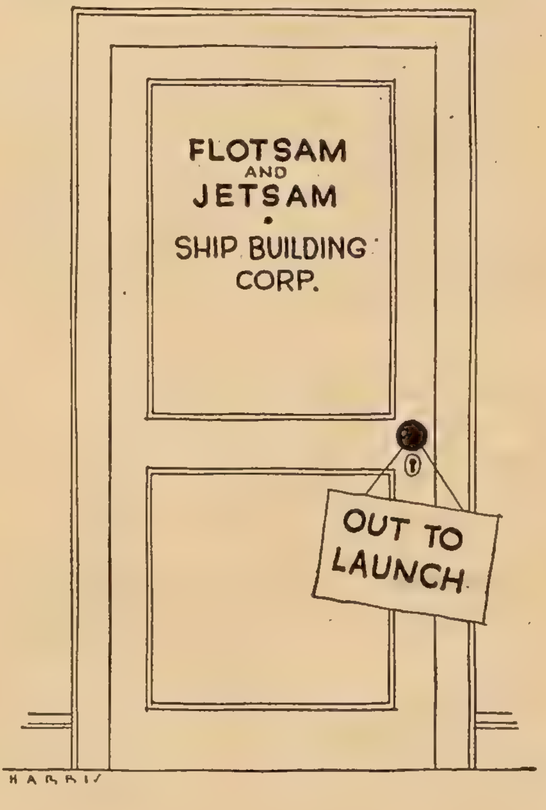
"He says I make him want to slay dragons," Christine said truthfully.

"In that case," pronounced Mrs. MacGregor, "I think your mother is probably wasting her breath. Well, run up and get ready for supper. You know what a stickler for punctuality Marta is."

"Won't take a minute," Christine promised. "Usual room?"

"No," Mrs. MacGregor said slowly. "You're in the blue room this time. I'll tell you why later."

She told her why after dinner, when they sat in the living room drinking coffee out of tiny cups that had come back on a clipper ship from Turkey. When her grandmother finished, Christine set her cup down, and her eyes were wide and bright.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OUT TO LAUNCH

"Granny!" she said. "How marvelous! If it wasn't a dream, it must have been a ghost."

"What ghost?" demanded Mrs. MacGregor skeptically. "If there were a ghost around here I'd have known it by this time."

"How about that mutineer? You know, the one grandfather shot."

"Tchah!" said Mrs. MacGregor disdainfully. "That happened on the high seas. Besides, he only shot him in the leg."

CHRISTINE stood up. "I'm going upstairs and search that room," she announced dramatically. She paused. "Unless, of course, it's gone and locked itself again!"

"Don't see how it could have," said Mrs. MacGregor. "The key is right here in my pocket." She frowned a little anxiously. "If you go up there, Chris," she said, "take Loki with you. And call me if—if everything's not all right. We have a decrepit old policeman who patrols this neighborhood and—"

"Oh, we don't want a policeman," Christine objected. "We want to catch this ghost ourselves. Come on, Loki. Pretend you're ten years younger. Gosh, I haven't had so much fun at The Narrows since I stood on the bed and shouted *'Olé'* while Mike broke the mirror!"

The old dog got up obediently and followed her into the hall. Marta was standing near the foot of the stairs, and Chris said gaily, "Want to come with us, Marta? We're going hunting!"

Marta smiled faintly. "Hunting what, Miss Christine?" she asked.

"Trouble!" Christine told her.

She mounted the stairs with Loki slouching at her heels, and Marta followed them slowly. The door to the northwest bedroom was closed, but it opened at Christine's touch. The interior was pitch-dark, and for a moment Christine felt a curious reluctance to enter the room, a sudden childish fear of the dark that she had not felt for years. She drew back nervously and said to the dog, "Go on, Loki. You go first."

WITH surprising alacrity Loki disappeared into the blackness. Christine looked over her shoulder at Marta's broad, disapproving face. She reached inside the door and fumbled the light switch, found it, pressed it. The room jumped out of the darkness. With Marta close behind her, Christine stepped across the threshold.

She glanced around the room, could see nothing out of order, nothing displaced. And yet a curious conviction persisted and grew that something *was* out of order—a conviction that became abrupt reality when her eyes fell upon Loki.

The dog was standing at the foot of the circular iron staircase, gazing upward. His whole body was rigid with canine suspicion, and as Christine watched he growled deep in his throat—a growl of accusation.

For the first time in her life, Christine was frightened. Badly frightened. She did not like the feeling. She put her hand on Marta's arm, trying to find reassurance.

"Marta!" she breathed. "Look at Loki. There's some one up there. There's some one on the roof!"

The servant made no reply, but her face paled suddenly, her breathing quickened.

Christine tightened her grip on Marta's arm. "Go downstairs," she whispered. "Don't make any noise. Tell granny what we've found. I've got"—she wet her dry lips—"I've got to telephone somebody."

She ran from the room, leaving Marta, leaving the dog. She burst into her grandmother's bedroom, crossed to the telephone on the desk, frantically dialed Mike's number. It took her perhaps two minutes to get through to him.

"Mike," she said, and found her teeth were actually chattering. "Mike, can you come over here right away? It's—"

She had no chance to say more. She was standing with her back to the door, so all she could see was the man's hand as it came from behind her and reached for the telephone and cut the connection.

Who is in the cupola? Will Mike come to the rescue? The second and concluding chapter of this thrilling short mystery story will appear in Liberty next week.

PRETEND NO MORE

Continued from Page 19

beneath his lips. "I told you a lie," she said childishly. "You see now, don't you? It wasn't true what I said about our bedrooms. There aren't any bedrooms—" Her voice died away.

"I know. Only I wanted you to tell me. Because you're so—sort of special to me, like my right arm, Lisa." He handed her his handkerchief. "I know this apartment like a book, darling. The building belongs to my father's estate and I worked here in the rental office one whole summer." His sober face broke into a small smile. "The only mystery was where all of you slept. I was waiting for you to tell me, Lisa. Because if you loved me the way I love you, there couldn't be any fake stuff between us. Lisa—you *do* love me, don't you?"

Lisa nodded.

"I'd like us to get married right away," he said. "I could find you a place to live near me while I'm training. After that—" His voice broke. "Oh, Lisa!" he whispered.

Jennifer found them a moment later, sitting side by side on John's bunk, waiting for her.

"Mother—" Lisa went to her quickly. "He's going to be all right, mother. Don't look like that—" She put her arms around Jennifer's shoulders.

"Where is he?"

"In the hospital. Bruce is going to take us over. But, mother, we want to tell you—we— Bruce, you tell her."

"Tell me what?" Jennifer's eyes, blank with terror, darted to Bruce.

"I hate to bother you now, Mrs. Townsend," he said. "But Lisa and I—you see, I'm going away soon, and we love each other—"

"We're going to be married!" Lisa said it for him.

"Married!" cried Jennifer. "But Lisa's only a child. You'll have to wait a few years, Bruce."

"Mother—"

"No, Lisa," said Bruce. "Let me try. You see, Mrs. Townsend, I'm going to be a flyer, if I can make the grade. Anyway, I'm enlisting. After that—well, nobody knows what may happen. So please let us have our happiness now. I love her so much!"

Jennifer, looking into those steady young eyes, felt her throat tighten. He's only a child, too, she thought. Not much older than Lisa. And yet—all our fates lie now in the hands of boys like him. Who am I to tell him he must wait, when next year, next month, may be too late?

She held out her hand blindly. "Then it's all right?" asked Bruce, closing long boyish fingers over hers. "We can get married?" He reached with his other hand for Lisa.

"As soon as John knows," said Jennifer. "But don't worry; John will understand."

Across Lisa's head Bruce Gibbons nodded to her gravely, as one adult to another. It was as though he had followed the flight of her thoughts with perfect comprehension. It was almost as though his eyes said to hers, We know, you and I. We can look at things the way they may have to be, but for Lisa there must be only today.

He still held her hand in his, like a handshake. Jennifer leaned past Lisa's shoulder and kissed him.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

1. "When You Give to the U. S. O."
2. Persia.
3. William H. Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, Warren G. Harding.
4. Coins.
5. Nazi spies and saboteurs captured by the F. B. I.
6. Colorado River.
7. Because the Panama Canal is not at sea level over its entire length.
8. False. It was discovered in December, 1911, by Roald Amundsen.
9. Jezebel and Dangerous—Bette Davis; The Good Earth and The Great Ziegfeld—Luise Rainer.
10. The Library of Congress at Washington, D. C.
11. Philadelphia Orchestra.
12. The transformer. It was invented by Stanley in 1885.
13. Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby.
14. Four times—in 1933, '34, '35, and '40.
15. An inch.
16. They were all historians. Beard is still alive.
17. He deciphers all kinds of secret writing.
18. Claude Wickard.
19. Sturgeon.
20. John O'Hara.

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WHERE DEMOCRACY HAS FAILED

Challengingly, a famous reporter looks facts in the face, at journey's end after 33,000 miles of war

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ON the way home from Chungking, retracing the air route back through India, the Middle East, and across Africa, I had time to think and wonder about what I had seen.

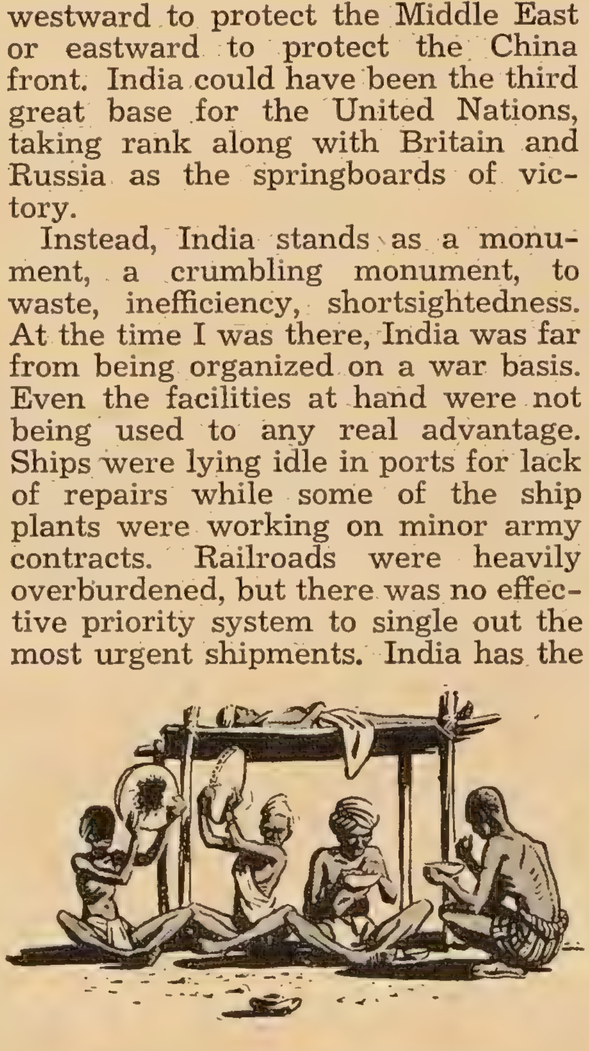
I was near the end of a 33,000-mile flight through the back yard of the nations. I sat on the narrow aluminum bench in the American cargo plane and gazed out of the window down on the tiny clusters of African straw huts.

A fellow passenger, an American engineer who had been working on a war project in the Middle East, lent me his copy of Herodotus. Five hundred years before Christ the father of historians had been over some of the country through which I had just passed. Eyewitness reports of this ancient traveler seemed as if they were written about the present, for it is little different twenty-five centuries later. Herodotus said it was an ancient custom, when a child was born, for relatives to sit in a circle and weep for the woes it would have to undergo. When a man died, they buried him with laughter and rejoicing, for he was free from a host of sufferings.

That custom would still make sense today. For there are millions of people in this back yard of the nations who from birth until death never have enough to eat. They die hungry in the midst of potential plenty. They live a backward life, little changed from what it was at the dawn of history, although under their feet are enough resources to make those of Germany or any Scandinavian country seem like poverty in comparison.

Democratic nations have ruled or watched over most of this back yard for generations, but they have done little with it. If India had been developed to anything like her real capacity, what a difference there would be now! Instead of being an open wound exposed to our enemies, India would be standing as a mighty fortress strategically located to throw enormous forces against the Axis, either westward to protect the Middle East or eastward to protect the China front. India could have been the third great base for the United Nations, taking rank along with Britain and Russia as the springboards of victory.

Instead, India stands as a monument, a crumbling monument, to waste, inefficiency, shortsightedness. At the time I was there, India was far from being organized on a war basis. Even the facilities at hand were not being used to any real advantage. Ships were lying idle in ports for lack of repairs while some of the ship plants were working on minor army contracts. Railroads were heavily overburdened, but there was no effective priority system to single out the most urgent shipments. India has the largest deposits of high-grade ore in the world, yet steel production is only a little more than a million tons a year. Steel must be brought in!



Natives in India lack ambition.

It isn't that industry cannot be developed in India. The Tata steel works are modern and efficiently run. They were built by American engineers with Indian capital. India has practically no chemical industry, although the raw materials are there. Textile mills are efficiently run. Native labor is skillful. It learns quickly because the native in India is exceedingly dexterous. True, he lacks ambition. Naturally. He has been undernourished for centuries, and been left a victim of malaria and other debilitating diseases. He has had little incentive to work, for, no matter how hard he labors, his reward is the barest subsistence. So he takes refuge in a fatalistic religion that bids him endure his lot with resignation and wait patiently to get his golden slippers in the next world.

Give him food, clean up the mosquitoes, and give him wages that will induce him to work, and you might see a difference. The Tata steel works has efficient labor because it has an enlightened labor policy. Neither is it troubled by the natives fleeing from the danger of air raids in the way that many other employers have been deserted. Tata has given them shelters and made other provisions, and native workmen are staying on the job. At least, that was the case when I was there during the panic when the Japanese had a fleet up in the Bay of Bengal and were expected to land and come into Calcutta any day.

It isn't the fault of the British as such. The Dutch, the French, and the

Belgians were much the same—and the Germans when they had a colonial empire. We have poured money into Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, but they are little better off, so we go into the same pot. The democracies have done wonders to develop their own countries, but they have failed with their possessions and are now paying a dear price for that lost opportunity.

In the Middle East the story is about the same. Only by the hardest kind of struggle have the Jews obtained an opportunity to do anything for themselves in Palestine. In Iran, conditions were so bad that the Germans found it easy to hire fifth columnists to stab the democracies in the back. Egypt is sullen in smoldering bitterness. Even though Egypt is an independent country theoretically, it has been treated rather cavalierly, and stands now with folded hands along the Nile while the United Nations fight the Axis invader.

Everywhere it is the same. British and Americans are there fighting. The natives are standing around, if not secretly playing the Axis game. Gandhi tells the British and Americans to get out of India. Nobody looks upon the British and ourselves as liberators. They look upon us as exploiters, intruders, and millstones. We are correct when we say that it would be worse for them if the Germans or the Japs got in; but the point is that they don't seem to think so and they don't help us. What matters is that all of these peoples throughout the back yard of the world are acting in a way to aid our enemies.

They take refuge in a religion.

It is not that we should expect gratitude. That is not a common trait in any people. We expect any people to act for its own best interests as it sees them. All of these peoples act as if they thought their best interests would not be affected by defeat of the United Nations. The people of China are fighting. They are fighting for their own country. The guerrillas in the Philippines fought because they felt they were fighting for their own country. But it does not seem to occur to the Indians, the Egyptians, the Iranians, the people of Iraq that their countries are in danger. They seem to have no sense of owning their own countries, but rather a sense of being compelled to work there for an outside exploiter.

I am using hard words, but what other language is equal to a situation in which the people who have been wards of democratic countries for generations go on a sitdown strike when the enemy approaches? I am using hard words because it seems to me that this condition is a davastating commentary on the way the democratic countries have conducted themselves in the back yard of the world.

Do Egyptians realize the danger?

It is a condition that should shock us into searching our own soul again. For if we expect to exercise any influence in the world to come after this war, we must profit by the tragic lessons of the opportunity which we lost during the years now gone. A system which leaves India, after all these years, merely a big flabby pulp, when it has resources and labor supply sufficient to make it one of the big industrial nations, has not justified its existence. The contrast between Palestine, after a few years of self-development on its own, and the surrounding misery must mean something.

I am not seeking to heckle our allies. We showed no greater foresight ourselves when we refused to work with the rest of the world after the last war, and when we took the lead in raising tariff walls at a time which required, in all common sense, that we hold down our tariffs. The only profit that can come out of thinking about these matters is new resolution to benefit by past mistakes.

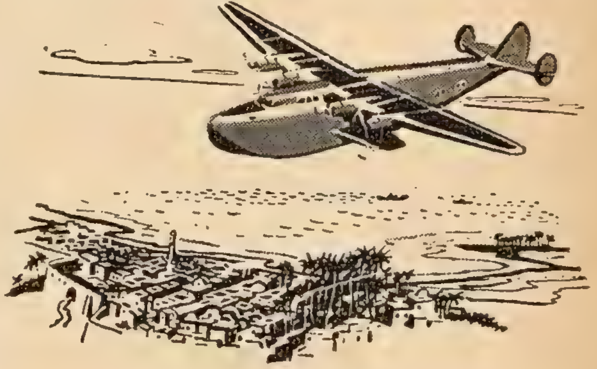
If the democratic world is to survive after victory, it will have to be built on a broader base. Those back-yard areas must not be left to waste their possibilities on the desert air. The democratic nations are heavy industrial producers and must sell and trade around the world. Millions—the largest share of the world's population—live in those areas. Their rich natural resources give them the opportunity for industrial development that will make possible a higher standard of living there. We need to have a higher standard of living there. Not merely because our humanitarian impulses cry out for it. That is all very fine. But we need it for our own economic purposes. We need larger consuming markets. Only as the standard of living in those backward areas rises will our outlets for manufactured surpluses grow. People can buy only as they produce. Industrial production will make new customers.

We are prosperous only when world trade is thriving. The industrial capacity of the democratic nations has been greatly expanded by the war. It can continue after the war only if new markets of consumption are developed abroad. These markets cannot develop under the narrow kind of exploitation that has ruled in the past.

And if humanitarian and economic reasons are not enough, then there is one other reason. We need those countries as allies—as strong, powerful allies. The United Nations need India as a strong industrial production base. We shall have those countries on our side after the war is won if we give them opportunity to develop, to live in a society of nations that is working toward an increase of freedom and better living standards through greater production. If we do not create that kind of a setting for them, they will continue to be undependable, furnishing revenue for those who happen to be parties to the exploitation but giving little strength to the democratic world itself.

FINALLY our plane puts down at Miami. We are back again in the lush luxury of America, where you can turn the tap in a hotel room and drink the water. Only a short time ago this seemed like an isolated heaven, protected from the Old World by that vast ocean which rolls on the beach beyond the hotel. But I had left Africa at sunset and was in the Western Hemisphere at dawn. And here in Miami, on this night that I arrived, the lights on the streets were darkened. German submarines were prowling in the waters a few miles offshore. Some of the hotels had been taken over by the government for war purposes. The war had reached even into this paradise, as it had reached into every corner of the distant world from which I was returning. No longer could we in America escape the shot and shell that might be flying anywhere on earth. The Japanese guns that fired on Manchukuo landed their missiles on Pearl Harbor ten years later.

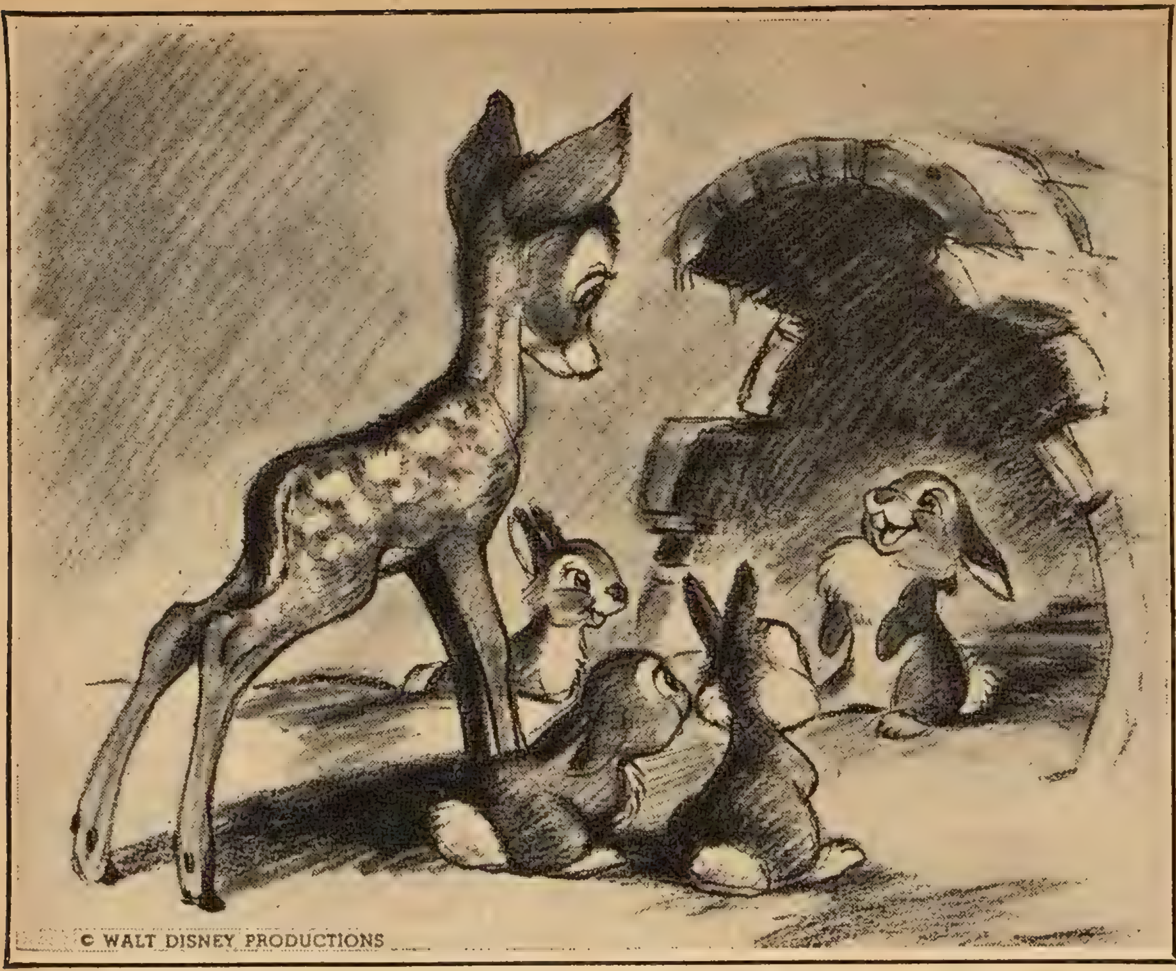
The world has become so small that no refuge is left anywhere. Neither can we find refuge after the war. These conditions in the back yard of the nations plague us now, and they will continue to plague us after the war. As the Burmese mocked their defenders when the Japanese came in, so we will be mocked after victory if we try to restore the status quo.


Our plane left Africa at sunset.

Democracy's house is only half built. In the back yard it is still only a primitive hut. We have been living in a house divided.

Those are some of the things that one American wondered about on the way back home.

THE END



In Bambi, Disney has triumphantly screened a captivating animal story.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ BAMBI (for movie enchantment)

WALT DISNEY has made another enchanting picture. Take the children, take the old folks, and go yourself to this new feature-length cartoon. It is not another Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. But Bambi, in its superb imagery, its feeling, and its ability to conjure up a spell of woodland magic, is close behind it. The master of his peculiar medium has added another achievement to his list of memorable productions.

From a technical standpoint, Disney has surpassed all his previous efforts. There is extraordinary depth in every scene. There are color combinations which are nothing short of breath-taking. And there is that communion with the world of animals which has always stamped Disney movies with authority, whether he was seeing Donald Duck through a series of misadventures, or celebrating the exploits of little Dumbo with the big ears.

Few people realize how much preparation is involved in one of these Disney masterpieces even before the endless series of drawings are prepared for the camera. Long before he started actual production on Bambi, Disney told me of his project. He had artists posted at a zoo where a baby deer was about to be born. He had every detail of the Felix Salten book investigated thoroughly. When the story of the little deer, who became prince of the forest and completed a whole cycle of life, finally reached the screen, it was bound to be right as well as wonderful.

Bambi is right and wonderful. The opening sequences are the sheerest sort of fantasy, as they show Bambi tottering around on his spindly baby legs and being initiated into the mysteries of the forest by a captivating group of little animals. There is a note of tragedy when Bambi's mother is killed by a hunter while grazing in a meadow, but it is resolved in an idyllic passage in which Bambi falls in love with a doe. The ending finds Bambi fighting off a pack of dogs and escaping with his beloved Faline to an island after a careless hunter has set fire to the forest.

No bare synopsis of the picture would do justice to the magic which Disney has worked with Salten's animal classic. The small touches in the continuity are as important as the rounded unity of the picture. Bambi's first experience with ice, for example, forms a beguiling sequence. The befriending of the little buck by a wise old deer after Bambi's mother has been killed is touching. You are certain to find minor animals in this forest fairy tale which will captivate you almost as much as the principal four-footed characters.

Disney has employed all of his artistry on this picture to make it a worthy successor of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Pinocchio, or Dumbo. Incidentally, Hardie Albright and Ann Gillis do the voices of Bambi and Faline and do them superbly. All of the many craftsmen involved in the production of Bambi deserve credit for a triumphant animated cartoon.

(Walt Disney-RKO.)

★ ★ ★ DESPERATE JOURNEY (for R. A. F. melodramatics)

THE exploits of the R. A. F. are given all sorts of melodramatic emphasis in this fanciful war picture. A bomber crew is forced down in the Black Forest. The surviving members of the British raider beat their way right across Germany, steal a plane, and make their getaway. No taller tale has ever been spun out of the doings of the intrepid airmen who are keeping a second front open against the Nazis. The point is that it is tremendously exciting as well as fanciful.

The first half of the film has authority as well as thrills. The shots of "D for Danny," as the bomber is called, executing a daring raid on a railway junction are strikingly realistic. The beginning of the man hunt, when the surviving R. A. F. men are eluding the Gestapo with the aid of the German anti-Nazi underground movement is plausible in addition to being loaded with suspense. If the final sequences are on the wild and woolly side, there is still a lot of entertainment in Desperate Journey.

The company is just about perfect for the job. Errol Flynn, not being asked to act much, is properly dashing as the leader of the flyers. Ronald Reagan, who gets better in every picture, is excellent as an American fighting with a British air unit, and Alan Hale, Arthur Kennedy, and Ronald Sinclair look and act like a bunch of desperate fugitives giving the Nazis a run-around. Raymond Massey contributes a striking portrayal of the Gestapo chief, Albert Basserman as a friendly German doctor and Nancy Coleman as his courageous niece are both fine, and all the bits are played brilliantly. Raoul Walsh has staged the show for melodramatic effect. The melodrama has a tendency to get out of hand, but I guarantee that it will keep you from dozing.

(Warner Bros.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—The Pride of the Yankees, Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Tortilla Flat, Saboteur.

★★★—The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl.

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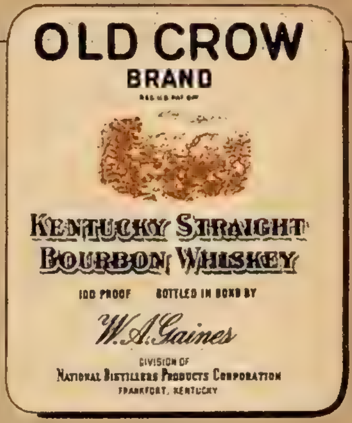

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★*It's a FACT*

At one time in Old Crow's history, so widespread was the imitation of Old Crow's label and trademark, that there were 1800 lawsuits in process against whiskey sellers engaged in that practice.

GIRL O'WAR

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

A lovely, reckless rebel awakens to something bigger than her world—stronger than her own desires. And so the story ends

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

THE words Judy had spoken hissed and sizzled and then exploded, and Steve Layden stared at her, stunned and deafened.

"I can't marry you. I can't. I'm married already."

They were alone in Harrier's office, where he had taken her, hoping that she might weep. Her tears had left a wet spot on the shoulder of his sweater and he put his hand up and touched it incredulously. There must be a mistake somewhere. When he had put his arms around her, everything had seemed direct and simple. He had determined to take care of her now that Cap might not return from his voyage.

He studied the flushed tear-stained face, trying to find an answer, trying to see in Judy Farrell a girl who had married somebody else between his kisses.

"I can't seem to believe it, Judy," he said. "I can't make it be true."

"Who cares what you believe?" said Judy. "I'm not thinking about you. Cap never did anybody any harm in all his life. He got drunk once in a while, but he never did anything even then, unless they crossed him. He was kind and good. I wish I could kill them. I wish I could tie them on the ground and let the red ants crawl over them and eat them up and I would watch it. He never did anything to them and—he was all I had."

"You have a husband now," Steve Layden said bitterly. "Who is he, by the way?" She did not answer. He said, "That aviator, I suppose. I don't understand it, Judy. How could you?"

Her chin dropped and she looked at him sulkily through tangled lashes. How could she? Even if she wanted to, she couldn't tell Steve Layden. There were so many things leading up to it of which he knew nothing. The inevitable end for a girl like Judy of things that had happened long ago when she was very young—those first wonderful stolen kisses—the triumphant excitement of the beggar maid and King Cophetua—Kit's father ordering her out of the house, and Hollace, all in white like a fairy princess, turning away her eyes that were red with weeping—and the long dark hours when a wild rebellious little girl who was Judy Farrell at sixteen had waited for Kit to come to her—waited and waited into many a dawn.

Now she had the very name of that old man who had called her unprintable names, the very name of that arrogant princess who had withdrawn her eyes from the outcast.

But she knew now that it was not all a hidden desire for revenge, not all the need to have him at last coldly and deliberately as she had been denied him when romance was warm and sweet and young.

They had been dancing when Kit said, "Why don't you marry me, Judy?" and she had thought at first that he was joking. But something in the way he looked at her broke down the defenses she had built around her heart. There was something dear and dangerous, something familiar and complete about it. A desperate kind of home-coming.

"I can't right now," Judy had said. "There are licenses and things."

But Kit had always a highhanded way with him, and he was a pilot on leave, and he knew people, and somehow those obstacles had been moved aside dramatically and swiftly.

"This had to happen," Kit said then, and his face was white under its mocking smile. "It looks as if I never quite got you out of my blood. I used to wonder about you quite a good deal at odd moments, flying over Kansas City." He ran a finger over her face, tracing the round chin and the half-open lips and the lovely little nose. "You're quite a girl, at that," he said. "You're for me."

In the morning he had put on his uniform while she lay in bed watching him through sleepy lids and breathing deep of the honeysuckle outside the windows.

"Get up," Kit said, "and gird on your lover's sword. I'm off to the war of the roses and the probabilities are that you will be a rich widow before long. But I'm glad we had this much. Aren't you, Judy?"

"Yes," said Judy, and could say no more.

He had left her at the factory gate. "Be a good girl," he said, "and work hard and hurry 'em up. And be sure you fasten all the little bolts and nuts on tight, because I will be sore as hell if one of 'em comes loose with me over the Suez Canal. And remember—it surprises me a lot—but you're the queen bee as far as I'm concerned."

With the crowds hurrying by to work, their eyes sliding curiously at the dashing young man in uniform and the girl in her denim slacks, no good-by kiss was possible. But his eyes mocked her and teased her with memories until the rich color flamed into her cheeks, and then he laughed and went away.

Later, above the clang and hum of the assembly line, she heard the roar of a plane. That was Kit. A terrible confusion came upon her. All this was supposed to have belonged to the past, to revenge that was sweet, to rushing drama. With the drum of that motor going she knew not where, it became a vital part of the future. Judy had never been one to care for tomorrow. Hearing the roar of that Thunderbolt, bound for a nameless destination where men fought unimaginable battles in the clouds for the fate of humanity, Judy looked upon the veiled face of tomorrow and tomorrow. The slip stream of that plane tied her for the first time to the future.

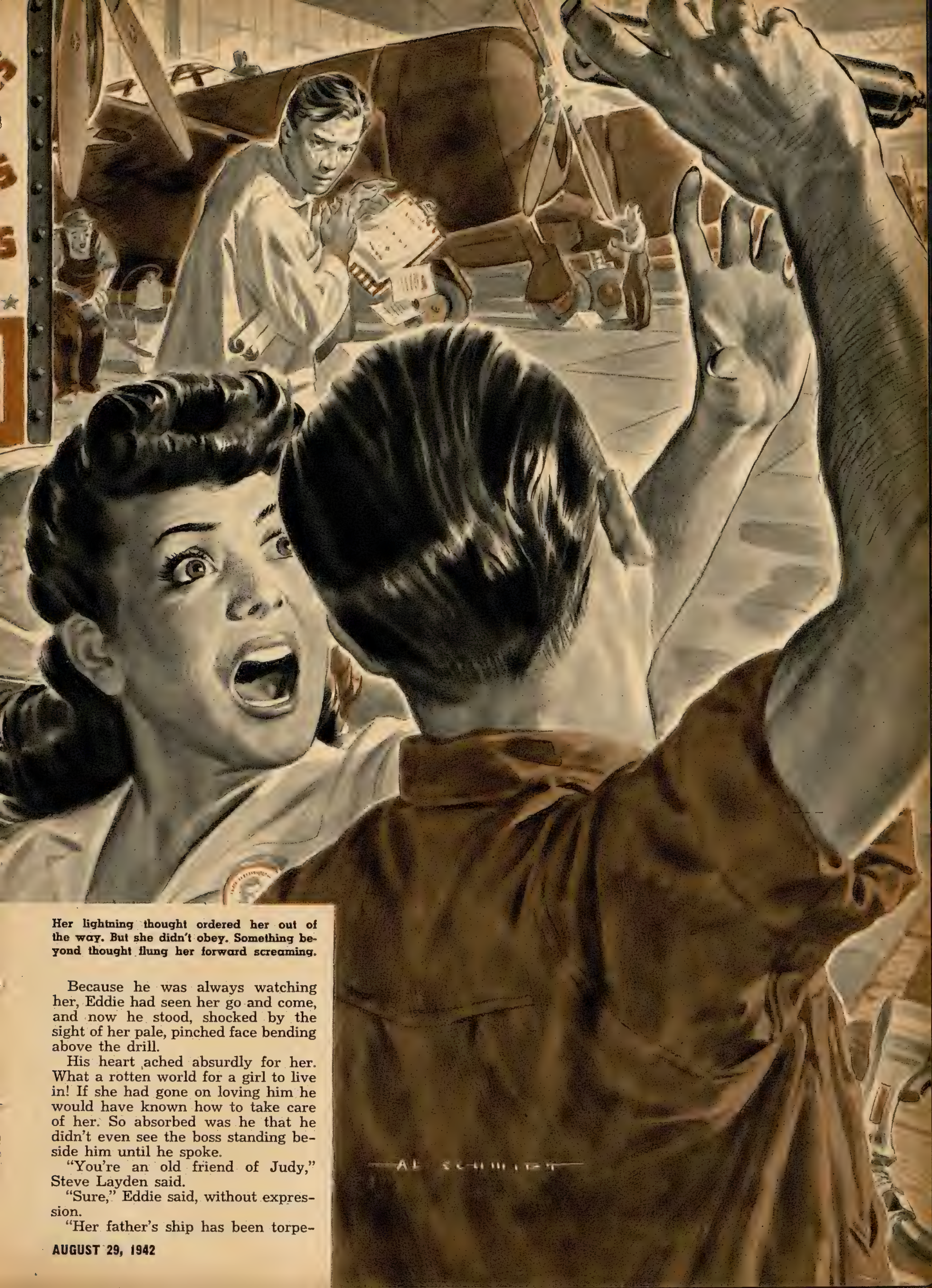
KIT was gone once more. This time he would come back to her. If he came back. Today it was no longer in their hands. Until the war was won, their enemies had a right to tell free men when and if they could return to the women they loved.

It was not possible for her to say any of these things to Steve Layden, sitting there beside her. He was a stranger to whom she had been bound by nothing but her restless young craving for drama and excitement. The whole affair had been a deliberate illusion. Reality had wiped it out.

That reality repeated Cap's words—almost it might be his last words—We'll take the cargo over if we can, and if we can't, you boys will have to take over. She started to her feet and almost ran out of the room and down the corridor and across the courtyard.

Beside her, Steve Layden said, "You aren't going back to work, Judy? Don't you think you ought to go home? I—I'll have some one drive you over in my car if you'll let me."

The surprise she turned upon him was perhaps the only utterly honest thing he had ever had from her. "Go home?" said Judy harshly. "Are you crazy?"



Her lightning thought ordered her out of the way. But she didn't obey. Something beyond thought flung her forward screaming.

Because he was always watching her, Eddie had seen her go and come, and now he stood, shocked by the sight of her pale, pinched face bending above the drill.

His heart ached absurdly for her. What a rotten world for a girl to live in! If she had gone on loving him he would have known how to take care of her. So absorbed was he that he didn't even see the boss standing beside him until he spoke.

"You're an old friend of Judy," Steve Layden said.

"Sure," Eddie said, without expression.

"Her father's ship has been torpedoed," Steve said. "You might—she'll need all the friends she's got. She feels pretty bad."

Eddie almost laughed in his face, it was so funny. Steve Layden coming around in that high almighty way he had, telling Eddie to be nice to Judy! But he only said "All right," and went quietly on with his work.

At first he hadn't been sure Steve Layden was the one. There was that Toreador fellow in his uniform, and it was hard to tell about Judy. But Layden was the cold, indifferent kind that Judy went for; she liked to see 'em squirm. He'd been pretty cold about dames himself until he met Judy. Maybe that was why it hit him so hard. On the floor, day after day, he had begun to hate Layden's superiority, his demands that kept mounting, his steely assumption that Eddie felt the same way he did about these planes they were making. Yet sometimes, when he realized that he had allowed love to become his whole life, a black despair engulfed him; as he worked on the giant wings hot tears filled his eyes, because if it hadn't been for this possession by the devils of passion and jealousy and vengeance, he might have cared to keep those wings flying, like any other man. So he hated them and Layden and the very plant that had taken Judy from him and thrown Steve Layden in her path, and the hate was triply violent because of its unreason.

But he went on with his work because he held the ultimate power, the final decision safely hidden in his room, where he could look at it every night. Sometimes, as a mechanic, he was intrigued by the devilish ingenuity that crammed so much disaster in so small a package. Other times he had to laugh, all alone there in his room, because he had actually been paid to take it and would be paid more if he used it. Eddie knew he wouldn't be around to collect that.

If he couldn't have her, nobody else should, least of all Steve Layden. But he wouldn't care to live in this rotten, crazy world without her, and he had some piteous hope that in another brighter, better world she might belong to him once more.

At the end of the day Judy walked toward the bus line. Steve used to drive her home, but today she didn't want him. Her feet hurt so much and her eyes ached so, that nothing seemed to matter anyhow. There were days like that and the burden of the long hours since she'd left the colonel's office had snapped the mainspring of her vitality. So that when the long roadster pulled up beside her and Hollace Kittredge said, "I'd like to take you home, Judy," she climbed in wearily.

As the car swung through the traffic under Hollace's expert hands, they said nothing at all. The heat still spilled humidity over them like warm grease. The crash and clang of metal upon metal, the screaming ceaseless buzz of the drills still vibrated through their nerves.

"We're pretty near caught up to those damn engines," Judy said absently.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Hollace said.

"I never saw so many ships on the line before," said Judy with an odd note of satisfaction. "I thought the colonel was going to cut a rug when he walked through today."

Hollace chuckled.

They drew up beside the small gray house on the dunes and the cool sea breeze struck them with forgotten magic. But there was no big figure sitting on the top step, no wreath of smoke with welcome written upon it. Cap was not there and it came over Judy that she did not know where he was. As long as she lived she might never know.

"Put this in first and pile all the other stuff on top of it."

In a low voice Hollace said, "I'm sorry about your father. But you mustn't give up hope, Judy. So many of them come back."

"So many of them don't, too," Judy said, clasping her hands tightly over her breast, shutting out the other girl's sympathy which made it all more real. "What business is it of yours, anyhow? You never knew him."

"He was doing a great job for all of us," Hollace said.

"I guess he was," said Judy, pride in her voice. "He said it wasn't any time for a sailor to be ashore. He said it wasn't worth living if the Germans could tell you when you could sail the seas. It wasn't *schmaltz* with him, either. Do you understand about this war?"

"Not exactly," said Hollace. "Only it just seems the Germans won't ever let the world have any peace if they can help it. Whenever people begin to grow up toward the light and there is peace, the Huns ride out and try to trample us back into the mire under their boots. It's been that way for centuries. Every time we think they've learned better and they won't do it again, but every time they try."

"Yeah," said Judy. "Everybody was going along all right, minding their own business. I'd like to murder them."

"If we don't win this war," Hollace said, "I don't think the world would be a fit place for decent people to live in. And they didn't intend to leave us alone when they had conquered the rest of the world—that's silly to even think of. Japs on one side in the Aleutian Islands and Hawaii and Siberia and Germans in Iceland and Mexico and South America and England—that's what they plan to do. Why would they leave us alone, when we're so rich and they hate everything we stand for?"

Judy didn't say anything. She was suddenly bewildered and sort of stunned. It was the first time in her life she had ever talked about the war. It was the first time she had ever had an impersonal conversation with another girl, and that girl was Hollace Kittredge who had so long stood for everything of humiliation and defeat Judy had ever known. Yet here they sat talking as if they were friends and equals. Maybe it was because all over the world planes were flying and fighting for them, planes riveted together by their united hands.

"They would want to trample to death everything we are and love," Hollace said, "and Kit says we must smash or be smashed."

The mention of that name startled them both. Judy opened the car door and swung onto the ground. "Well, thanks for the buggy ride," she said abruptly and started for the house.

"Judy," Hollace Kittredge said.

Judy stopped, but she didn't turn

around. Not for anything would she let Hollace Kittredge see the tears that had started at thought of walking into that empty house.

Behind her, Hollace's fine clear voice said, "I wanted to tell you how sorry I am about—the thing I tried to do to you. I haven't slept very well since."

"You better get your shut-eye," Judy said. "We got a lot of work to do and you're not bad."

"I wouldn't have thought I could—" Hollace said, and then Judy turned and faced her and asked curiously, "Why did you do it? I hadn't thought about that much. Why?"

The color did not come easily to Hollace Kittredge's face, but now it crept from throat to hair. "I thought Steve ought to have a better break. I didn't believe you really loved him and I thought he'd get hurt and—I didn't think you were good enough for him," she said steadily. "Then, when you came back to work today after the news about your dad—"

The words brought Judy her first vivid picture. Judy's mind had to work personally, to attach faces to ideas and scenes to events. She saw Cap standing at the rail, the way she'd seen him so often when she was a little girl, surveying his beloved sea with calm dominion. Out of that once free and peaceful sea came a monster carrying men with the eyes of fish, and the torpedo screamed across the waves and the boat staggered and Cap was in the water swimming for his life. Bullets spattered around Cap's head and those men laughed.

She ought to be angry with this girl who dared to think Judy Farrell wasn't good enough for any man. She ought to fling it in her face that she was good enough for Hollace Kittredge's brother. But she found there was no room left in her for any other anger now except anger against the men who torpedoed American ships upon the high seas. And she felt shyly that this was no time, no way, to tell Hollace Kittredge that she was her brother's wife. That must wait for Kit's return.

"STEVE is doing such a great job," Hollace said.

A little demon capered into Judy's heart and made her forget her pain, as a shot of brandy might have done. Hollace was in love with Steve. And she didn't know how to play dirty, poor kid. If Judy had wanted a man, she would have gone after him and gotten him away from anybody. An impulse to tell this gal a few things she ought to know came over Judy, but the perverse little demon accused her of going soft. Let the big jerk look after herself; there was a rebound coming up and even Hollace ought to be able to grab that one.

She said, "Well, you get A for effort, anyhow. Forget it. We got a little Murder, Inc., to do on those Germans tomorrow."

When the car had driven away she dropped down on the steps. She wasn't hungry and she sat on as darkness

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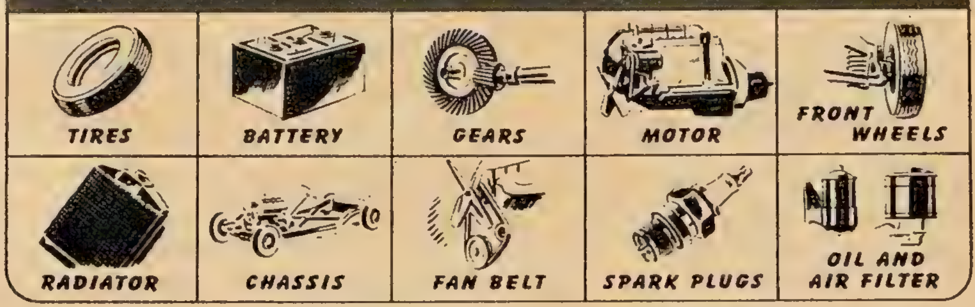


SAVE WEAR WITH

SINCLAIR

CARE FOR YOUR CAR—FOR YOUR COUNTRY

gathered, thinking of Cap and of Kit. Kit had been a bum and a tramp and he did a lot of kidding, but he had gone now to fight for something called freedom. It came over Judy that she liked freedom herself. Liked it? She had to have it. From birth it had been in every pulse of her blood. Freedom meant sitting here on the steps of your own house and not having any guy in a brown uniform with a wormy mustache tell you what you could eat or think or hear on the radio or who you could marry or fall in love with. It meant more than that, but she had no words for it yet. Kit had said smash—or be smashed. Be smashed by a boot heel into some kind of whining slaves. Oh, no. Not Judy.

Eddie found her there. She said, "Hello, Eddie. What'd you hear from the mob?"

"Too bad about your old man," Eddie said. "He should have stayed home. Those guys down in Washington—they'll throw us. They'd rather take a chance on losing this war than let go of anything they've got."

"That routine makes me sick," Judy said wearily. "You don't know what's going on."

"You used to have more sense," Eddie said. "Layden been feeding you that guff about patriotism? That's a gimmick to get more work out of you so they can make more money. What do you think *you'll* get out of it?"

"Why don't you take that show on the road? And never mind about Layden. He's doing all right."

"Do you know," Eddie said with wonder, "I think about him almost as much as I do about you, and I think about you all the time."

Her eyes went over him and she saw that he was trembling and that his lips twitched and his hands shook piteously. It startled her out of her indifference, but she felt no fear, only a furious distaste for such waste and weakness, and a sort of of pity.

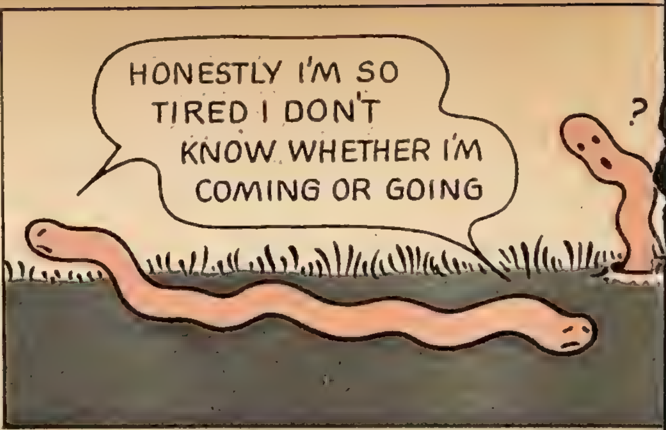
"It's kind of you to let me come and sit beside you," Eddie said tremulously. After a long silence, so long and dark that she had almost forgotten him, he said, "I don't suppose there's any chance for me, Judy? You used to like me pretty well. I been kind of waiting, thinking you'd get tired of your fun and—I've got the best right to you. I love you more than he does." His voice shook. "Is there any chance for me, Judy?"

The girl was worn out and torn apart with the sorrows and excitements of the day and she told him brutally and swiftly.

"I see," said Eddie deliberately. "So you're married. That's the end, then."

It did not occur to either of them that she had not told him to whom she was married. To neither of them did it seem to need explanation and Judy was always careless.

TWO secretaries and Ned Harrier sprang to answer the violent clatter of all the colonel's buzzers. They found him in the granddaddy of all the rages he had yet displayed.


HONESTLY I'M SO TIRED I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M COMING OR GOING
?

"What's going on around here?" he shouted. "Find Steve Layden and find him quick! And get me that little Farrell hellion—she's mixed up in this somewhere." He smashed his fist upon a paper spread before him on the desk. "Do you know what this is?" he yelled. "It's Layden's resignation."

To Judy he said icily, "Where's Steve Layden?"

"How should I know?" said Judy; but under the cold fury of the colonel's eyes she took a quick breath and held it.

"Do you know what you've done?" he said. "Somehow you've wrecked that boy. You're behind this. One worthless predatory female and you've sabotaged the best man in the plant and cost us— gad, I can't think of it. The one man in the shop I depended on to carry on if anything happens to me."

His face was gray and she saw the sweat on his forehead. A great wave of fellowship for this hard man pierced

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DON'T YOU DARE QUESTION ME !

BY KATY

through her. For the first time she thought of Steve Layden, really thought about him and what he might be feeling. The waters she had considered so shallow, over which she had skimmed so lightly, were deep and dangerous under her now. Her passionate regret, her pride that wanted to fight back to where Judy Farrell amounted to something in this new world of war were all for the colonel. She still was incapable of any of that for Steve, a man she had simply ceased to find unattainable, a man who might be steel in the shop but was soft to her hands.

She took a grip on herself and her voice was hard. "I didn't mean any harm."

The oath he ripped out made her giggle hysterically. "I suppose not," he said. "You just went ahead the way you always had—playing your game—not knowing what it might do to us, how it might damage us—" Then he seemed to forget her, to forget them all; his voice rambled far away: "Civilization with the bloody sword at its throat and all I have to depend on is you spoiled silly children of peace—in love with easy dreams. We say words and we don't know what they mean, forging our will to fight and die and sacrifice into a real weapon against the most brutal foe of all time—setting aside our petty private lives and loves. But we shall find out what those words mean. Steve's gone to enlist, the fool—got caught in a cheap little human equation—"

Agony twisted his face from gray to purple, then only the back of his rough gray head was visible on the desk. Amid the shouting and running, Judy did not move. She'd let the guy down. The thought paralyzed her.

"I told him, I told him," the doctor kept repeating as he opened his bag. "Working himself to death when he ought to be home in bed—"

"Oh, shut up," said Judy Farrell. "How could he be home in bed and be here? Is he going to die?"

"Not this time," the doctor said, "and don't tell *me* to shut up." But the girl was gone[illegible]

WHERE he was going, they would give him some kind of uniform; he didn't need all this stuff. Steve Layden snapped the suitcase shut. When he had dreamed of enlisting, he had expected a frenzy of joy. Instead, nostalgia seeped into his soul. Those ships on the line—almost ready, almost completed—he loved them so. At times he had felt like a god, seeing them emerge, come into entity, every one with a different personality. He had sent them out with a challenge to any man anywhere to build a better fighting plane. Proudly he had followed them in spirit to the front, and turned back to make more—and more—and more—

Deserting his beautiful ships. Leaving them to other hands.

But he had to go away from Judy, from the things she had done to him. He was young, and it might be he had been celibate and dedicated to his work too long. He kept thinking about a soft yielding little Judy in his arms, about the warmth of her, and the memory of her tears upon his face. He loved her and she'd married a man in a uniform. That freed him, drove him to do the thing he had wanted to do so long. He couldn't hang around watching her and that conquering hero of hers.

FROM the doorway a voice said, "Where do you think you're going?" And Judy stood there, her hands in the pockets of her sweater, her chin dropped on one shoulder.

Steve Layden said, "Look, Judy. Don't. Don't come in here. I'm going where I should have gone a long time ago. Not even the colonel can stop me this time. I can't take any more."

"Is that so?" said Judy. "What'd you usually use for a runout powder?"

He said, "That's not like you, Judy. You know how I feel—you must know. I don't know why you did it, but you must know how I feel."

"About me?" said Judy. She began to laugh. Eddie would have found it familiar, identified it as the laughter of Carmen, but it rocked Steve's head back with surprise. "Oh, come on, Stevie," she said, "don't give me that *schmaltz*. It'd be a pretty little act and quite right, too, if we had time. But we always understood each other. Got to have a little relaxation between rivets. Don't try to tell me I had you fooled. Hollace told you about me. And you could have asked Eddie."

"Eddie?" said Steve.

"You didn't think Eddie came clear out to Bay Shore after never being north of One Hundred and Tenth Street just because he wanted to make little airplanes, did you?" She was afraid the beating of her heart would shake the hard brightness of her voice, and she said swiftly, "Kit and I always belonged. We're cut out of the same piece. We had a time getting together, but it was always there."

"All right," said Steve, "but it's done things to me. I'm all shot. I've got to get out of it."

"O. K.," said Judy. "But I didn't know they wanted quitters in the Air Corps, especially when they left a dame hooked for the groceries. Leaving me hung up there for everybody to throw mud at and say I wrecked you, so you ran out like a yellow pup, which was the same as sabotaging our plant—the way the colonel said today himself, before he passed out."

"What happened to the colonel?" said Steve quickly.

"He nearly died, that's all," said Judy, "and you better go and tell him you'll be in there pitching while he's sick."

As they ran down the stairs, Judy said, "And look. Next time you see Hollace, will you break it to her about Kit and me? Somebody's got to, and she'll take it better from you than anybody. She's really in love with you. I don't suppose you've noticed that."

"You're crazy," Steve said briefly.

"Oh, no, I'm not," said Judy, and she gave a little reminiscent chuckle, remembering the day when she and Hollace had been a two-girl riveting team. "I've had proof, dopey. You ought to do something about her."

Perhaps the colonel's wife had the same idea, for after she had shown Steve into the library, where the colonel was propped in a big chair, having refused profanely to go to bed, she went to the telephone.

What the colonel said to Steve Layden nobody ever knew. It was brief and ruthless. No pleas, no compliments this time. In it was a kind of contempt that burned.

When he came out, Hollace was making the colonel's wife drink a cup of tea in the garden. She was still in her work clothes and she looked very human. What was it Judy had said—that Hollace was really in love with him? To have a girl like that in love with you would mean conviction and strength and time to get on with the job.

Only—he had dreamed of something else besides. Then, perhaps because his eyes were clear and hard from the heat treatment he had been through in the colonel's library, he saw that Hollace was helpless, defenseless in this new world, and that to love her would be high adventure. The Judy he had seen the first time today was steel beside a birch tree compared to this girl.

Of course Judy was just talking; it was another Judy trick. But if it were true, and a man had his eyes open to truth at last, it would be a wonderful thing to happen.

JUDY tightened rivets and decided it would be pretty romantic if they actually went to Kit—wherever the great man was. But she thought rebelliously that she'd never wanted to get married and here she was married to a guy six thousand miles away and one you probably couldn't trust if he was right under your nose.

Everything on the assembly line drove according to routine. It gave her a sort of slow burn to think the colonel hadn't even sent a thank you to her. Probably thought he could have got Steve back by himself just because he'd had a heart attack. Those things he'd said to her had rankled all through the night. If she'd messed up his old human equations she'd put 'em all back, and that was all she intended to do about it, and he might have apologized. Maybe he still thought she was worthless. He didn't think much about Cap any more, it looked like, and of course he didn't know about Kit.

But she knew it wasn't altogether Cap and Kit causing her to smile triumphantly as she looked at the ships on the line moving out, moving up, faster and faster. Nor even her hatred of the arrogant fish-eyed men who had torpedoed Cap's ship. It was something more, something for which she had not words. The ships belonged to her, and in love, action had always been easier for Judy than words.

Some cat instinct that sees in the dark caught that strange movement of Eddie's that was out of rhythm. His eyes were fixed and filmed and, following them, Judy saw Steve.

Then a figure was sliding toward her. It was Eddie, and this time he was ready. He had death and destruction in his hands. He stood tiptoe in front of Judy, and behind Judy was Steve, and behind Steve the rows and rows of ships with the beautiful motors in place. Something inside her screamed a warning and, as he lifted his arm, she saw the flash of metal against his palm.

Her lightning thought ordered her out of the way—jump—jump fast—out of range, out of the line of that horror in Eddie's hand. But she didn't obey. Something beyond thought flung her forward screaming, her body hurtled straight at Eddie, leaped high for that lifted arm.

There was a crash and searing flame and then blackness.

Before it conquered her, she knew her planes still stood there on the line, waiting proudly to go into battle.

OUT of that blackness, the first thing she knew was pain and thirst and heat, and then she knew she was dead, because that was Cap's face bending over her. Well, it was nice to know you got together after you were dead.

But there were other people. That silly doctor who ought to be saying I told you so, I told you so, but instead was saying something about Eddie. It was just as well, he said, that he couldn't save Eddie. And a woman in white was there, and Hollace, with a shining smile floating around her. And the colonel. She decided to put her thumb to her nose at the colonel, if it cost her her job. But she couldn't, because there were heavy things strapped to it and around her shoulder.

So instead, she said, "So I'm a human equation, am I?" which wasn't at all what she had meant to say. "Did I save your old airplanes or didn't I?"

"No more than I had a right to expect of you," said the colonel, and maybe that wasn't what he meant to say either, for he leaned down suddenly and kissed her on the forehead.

"You better not let Kit catch you," Judy said, and smiled back at Hollace. So Steve had told her. Then the blackness came again, but this time it was velvety and sort of cozy.

THEY were sitting on the steps once more, Cap and Judy. They had been silent a long time.

Judy said, "Cap, what were we before we were Americans?"

"A long while ago," Cap said, "we were English. That's why we get madder at England than anybody. Most of the rest is just furriners and you don't expect much of them."

He got up and stretched, his eyes upon her. "I guess I better be going, honey," he said. "Got to be aboard by midnight. You sure you're all right?"

"I'll be back at work next week," Judy said. "And for gosh sake, this time look where you're going, will you?"

He laid his cheek against hers for a moment and she put up her hand and held it there, hard. This time, Judy knew, he might not be so lucky. But at least she knew why he had to go.

Alone, she tipped back her head and stared up at the spangled sky. Somewhere across a world he fought to keep free, Kit flew still in that same sky. Her heart ached with longing for him now that at last she knew how much she loved him. But whether he came back to her or not, Kit would always be unattainable. So at last she could settle to one.

This was tough. Times were tough. But right up to the brim life was full of love and hate and pain and terror and courage and fighting and working toward some great victory. This was the greatest drama the world had ever known and Judy could savor to the full her part in it now.

What more could a girl ask?

THE END

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America's Finest Cigarette

TO THE LADIES

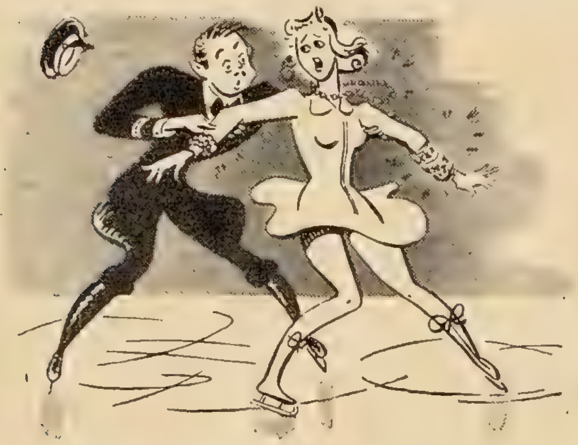
BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Top: Moscow women study automobile motors. Lower picture: John Scott.

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A YOUNG Russian wife and two baby daughters are among the experiences acquired by John Scott, Wisconsin welder and journalist, during eight years of actual factory work in the huge new industries of the Soviet hinterland, where the United Nations find so much hope and so much help toward winning the war. Soon after their arrival in America I talked with John and Masha Scott, and I think you'll be interested in what they told me. His recently published book, Beyond the Urals (Houghton Mifflin Co.), covers the subject vividly and thoroughly; but there were certain feminine questions I wanted to ask, and the Scotts knew all the answers. . . . In Soviet factory towns the apartment houses have communal kitchens with regular stove attendants, so the women need only do the cooking. Most families eat two meals a day at home, one at the commissary dining room where they work. . . . All the girls go in for permanents. When they dress up it's their hand-embroidered blouses that compete for coquetry and color brightness. . . . Deanna Durbin and Charlie Chaplin are their movie pets. . . . War bonds sell fast there, same as here. . . . Soviet Russians now can build and own houses for themselves to live in, but not for landlord profiteering, and their children can inherit such houses. . . . Old traditions die hard—even Red atheists in good standing say *"Thank God"* when victories are announced. . . . Prices of some necessities have been admirably socialized. Prescription eyeglasses cost seventy-five cents.

POOR-little-rich scene: World's wealthiest Doris Duke Cromwell taking ice-skate lessons at a summer rink, with an awe-struck instructor fussing around her so nervously that he gets in her way at every move, he's in such a twitter for fear she may fall down and hurt her expensive feelings. Sorry for her, because she wanted to learn, and she's no sissy.



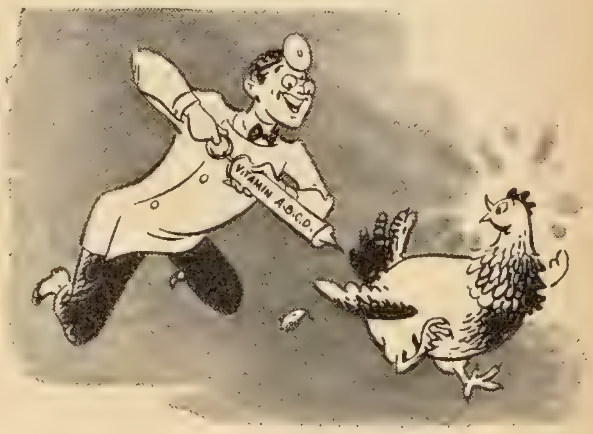
ORCHESTRA magnate Meyer Davis gives me the following tune forecast for early autumn—nine dance numbers he sees destined to top popularity: Nobody's Heart; The Humming Bird; At Last; Get the Gang; This Is Worth Fighting For; He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings; The Corporal Told the Private. And Irving Berlin's latest for Bing Crosby: Be Careful, It's My Heart. And Judy Garland's M-G-M revival of For Me and My Gal.

CAROLINA Chicken Pie with sweet-potato crust looks and tastes luscious enough to win first prize at a county fair. . . . Have ready 2 cups cold cooked chicken cut in 1-inch cubes. Also 6 small cooked onions, and 2 tablespoons celery leaves simmered in a little butter. Make 2 cups sauce of equal quantities chicken broth and evaporated milk thickened with flour. For the crust mash 1 cup sweet potatoes smooth with butter and milk; add 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 well beaten egg, salt. Mix chicken, sauce, onions, and celery together and put in round casserole. Roll out dough and fit to top of dish. Bake in medium oven till puffed and brown.

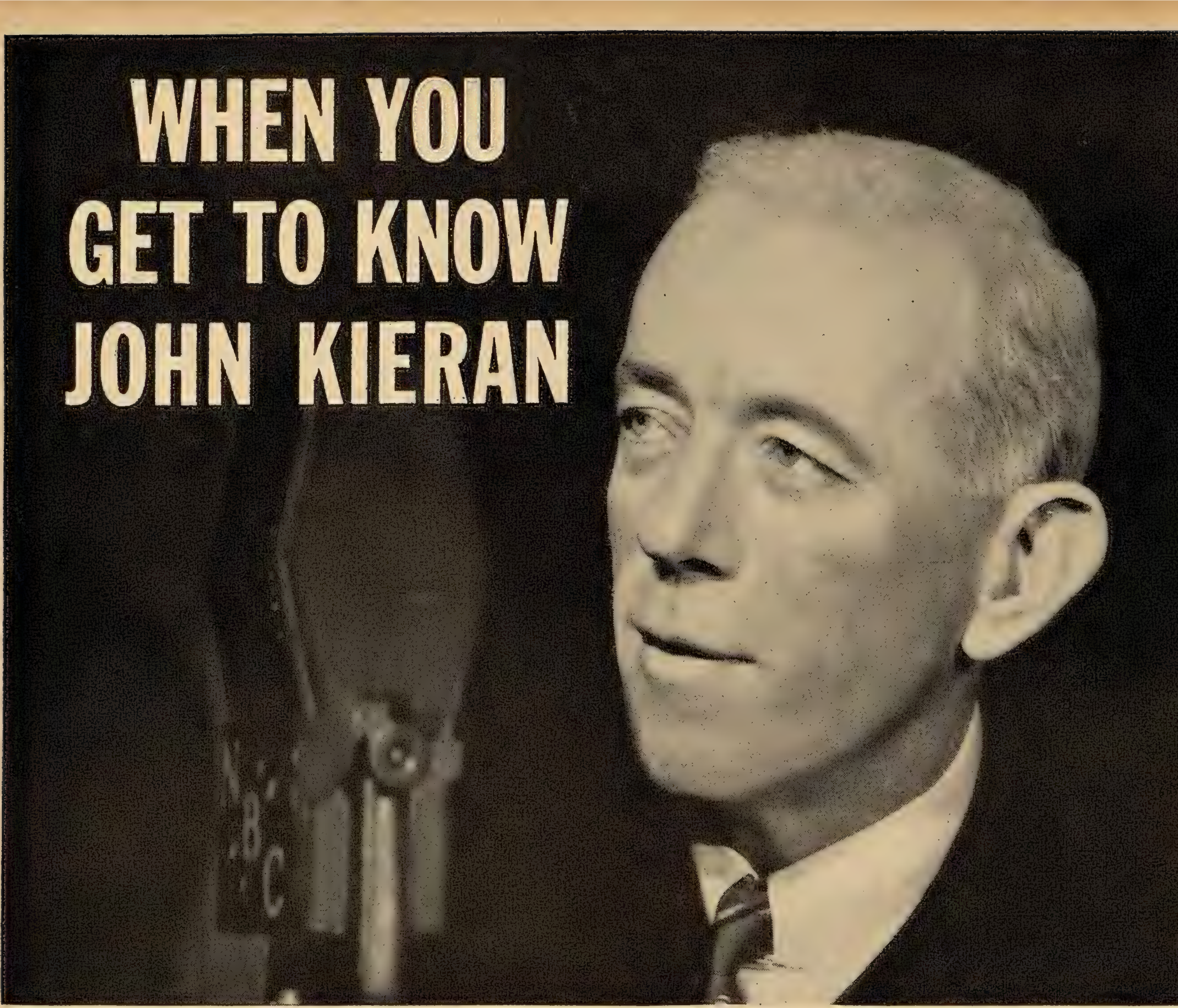
WOULD it be possible, I wonder, for any one to *unlearn,* on purpose, an accomplishment no longer wanted? I know a girl who wishes she could unlearn lip reading. . . . She acquired it from deaf relatives as a child. Recently she told her best young man a secret in confidence. At a party she saw by his lips that he was repeating her secret to other people. He was horrified when she took him to task for spilling her secret and revealed how she knew. "Mean to say you're a *lip reader?"* he blew up. "All the way across a room you can keep tabs on every word of mine? This is awful! I don't know whether I dare marry you!"

"THE second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamic gun. The first is the human tongue." . . . In printed regulations a Western army post quotes that old crack as a warning against camp gossip. Clella Reeves Collins, wife of a colonel, includes it in her excellent new volume, The Army Woman's Handbook (published by Whittlesey House. $1.25). Everything an army wife ought to know, from military etiquette and customs of the service to legal matters, insurance, pensions, government allowances, etc.

NEW and true: Synthetic crepe made from milk now protects ends of hair while being permanent-waved. . . . Vitamin scientists are causing hens to lay twelve billion more eggs a year than formerly. . . . Department of Agriculture scouts report a rare sight, the swoose—cross between swan and goose.


VITAMIN A.B.C.D.

WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW JOHN KIERAN



Close-up of fame—A sportswriter's revealing salute to "the little guy with the big mind"

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

Sports Editor of Liberty

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE Sarasota-Terrace, spring bivouac of the Red Sox, is no Waldorf-Astoria, and the lobby is tailored to size. American Leaguers are big men as ballplayers go, and spring squads, prior to pruning, run to the number of several dozen. The lordly Yanks had bussed over from St. Pete and were waiting to dine with the Sox.

The net result of all this was a small hotel lobby packed by two big baseball squads.

If anybody wanted celebrities, there were at least a dozen lounging around. Joe DiMaggio, Red Ruffing, Bill Dickey, Flash Gordon, Lefty Grove, Jimmy Foxx—and so on. This was a couple of years ago. You'd have thought any sightseer breaking into this gathering would have come for a close-up of the greats of the diamond.

But not the lady who did break into it!

She looked like a Helen Hokinson drawing, with a chassis that had a silhouette like a dollar mark, one of those pot-cover hats, a pair of nose glasses anchored to a hook on her shoulder, and a smile that came up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay.

Barging straight through that conglomeration of ballplayers and bellhops, she came almost all the way to the desk, and selected me for some reason—possibly because I had a coat on.

"Young man," she said, "I understand that amazing Mr. Kieran is here somewhere. I am so anxious to see him. I wonder if you'd be so good as to point him out to me."

John was parked in a corner, between the potted palm and the water cooler, conferring with Tom Daley about the time Tom hit the home run before the King of England. She was a nice-looking lady, a relative of John's possibly, I thought; so, with my best Sunday bow, I said, "Why, certainly, ma'am. That's John right over there, just lighting his pipe. If you'll wait here, I'll bring him over."

"Oh, no, no no," she said, with a pretty show of embarrassment. "That isn't necessary. I don't want to bother him at all. He seems to be busy with these persons. I presume they have something to do with the baseball team, have they not? I have simply heard him so much over the radio, and have been so amazed at his fund of practical and classical information, that I simply couldn't forgo this opportunity to see what he looked like. Thank you very much for your courtesy."

She sailed down the aisle again and out through the door. Over Red Rolfe's shoulder I saw a uniformed chauffeur touch his cap and swing back the door of a Cadillac, and I heard the car roll on toward parts unknown.

All at once it struck me that here was really fame. Five million dollars' worth of ballplayers meant nothing.

Sports writers meant nothing. So did looks. Instead, it was the little guy with the big mind, physically the least conspicuous brother in the room, personally the most modest, and, at the moment, the most disreputable-looking.

For that was the day John came over on top of the bus. Yes, I said on top. The Yankee bus rolled in with John lashed to the roof, wearing a sort of modified sailor suit and a pair of strong binoculars. That is, he had on canvas pants that looked as if Noah might have worn them, sneakers, a time-worn pea jacket, a canvas hat, and these long-distance cheaters.

There's quite a ferry ride involved in that junket from St. Pete to Sarasota. To most of us, it's a dreary hiatus in an hour's haul, with nothing to see and nothing to do but wait. We Sarasotans thought maybe the Yanks had gone in for a new kind of hazing. But it developed John had strapped himself up there to study the bird life en route.

"What bird life?" I made so bold as to ask him. "What is there around here but sea gulls, woodpeckers, and mockingbirds?"

John wears the naturally surprised expression of a rabbit without ears, and a question such as mine brings a trace of real pity to it.

"That ferry ride," he said, "is a wonderful opportunity to see birds. I don't know of a better place in the country."

"What's there to see but gulls?" I asked him, and I was going ahead to ask him what in thunder there is to see about them when he began to report with what might almost be called suppressed excitement:

"You just don't look hard enough. Now, today, for example, I saw some skimmers, sandpipers, turnstones, pelicans, cormorants, herons, and egrets, besides three kinds of gulls and four kinds of terns."

THAT'S what he told me he had seen on the ferry ride. He went on mile by mile, and practically feather by feather, about what had been ornithologically observable after the big bus had rolled off on dry land.

Of course I knew about John and birds. We all did, but I did especially, from an experience of lang syne.

The Thirty-eighth National Amateur Golf Championship was held at the Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts, in September, 1934. Lawson Little's was the big name of the hour. He was the favorite to win, and he did. It was perfect weather, and I was walking across the beautifully manicured premises one day about noon to join the large and colorful gallery following Little. Immediately in front of me were two competitors plugging along, apparently with no gallery at all. Then I saw that was wrong, for one of them had one rather small gentleman following him, and when I drew up close enough I saw that this one-man gallery was Kieran.

As I hove up, Kieran's golfer took a paste at the ball, and didn't hit it very well. His swing looked bad, the shot was a flooper. He didn't look like any golfer to be following with Lawson Little on the same general docket.

"What's the idea?" I asked John. "Who's your star?"

"Well," said John, "this is the only Englishman in the tournament. His name is Dr. Thomas Torrance, and he isn't very good. I have found it a rather sound plan in our kind of journalism never to write the obvious. Everybody in the place will be writing about Little tomorrow. I thought I would try a distinct change of pace and write a column about the British invasion. This is it. That's why I'm here."

"I'll walk along with you," I said, "until we catch up to Little."

"Fine," said he, and we walked along. Then suddenly he said in some haste:

"Keep following him, will you, and take notes for me until I get back?"

"Yeah," said I, "but where are you going?"

"Over here," he said back over his shoulder, for he was already running off, running for a big strip of woods that bordered the fairway.

That was a rather queer performance, but that's the way it was. He was dressed up that day, with white flannel trousers, black-and-white sports shoes, and all. He didn't stop at the edge of the forest but went right on in and disappeared.

WELL, I followed the British invader. I faithfully took notes on his flubs and floops. But this kept going on and on, with no signs of Kieran and no prospect of relief.

Three or four holes passed in the interim. We must have been half a mile from where he had plunged into the jungle. I began to have serious doubts concerning the character of Mr. Kieran; to wonder if, perchance, he was playing upon me a new golfing version of the old-fashioned snipe hunt.

Once the Little match passed pretty close, and I scanned the gallery earnestly to see if the distinguished gentleman of the New York Times had left me to a funny fate while he had gone to join the real story.

But I was wronging him cruelly with such suspicions. At long last he came plunging from the fens and braes of the bonnie back areas. His lovely white pants were brier-hitched and grass-stained; his shoes were muddy, his jacket awry. But his face was seraphic, his eyes shining as he ran up and confided:

"I got it at last. It was a yellow-throated vireo!"

"How's that?" I said.

"It was an immature yellow-throated vireo," he expatiated.

"What was?" I said. "And what is?"

"It's a bird," he said. "I heard its cry when we were walking along back there. But I couldn't recognize it. I'd never heard one just like it. I had to chase it through the woods about a mile and climb a couple of fences and a stone wall. But at last I got a look at it. And it was a young one. You know, like a young rooster trying to crow and making a funny and unfamiliar job of it. That's what this was. He tried to give the call and couldn't quite bring it off."

We all knew those things about John. We knew him as a swell companion, a good newspaperman, a model of personal conduct, the proud proprietor and press-box operator of the oldest and funniest-looking portable typewriter outside museums, and the inveterate smoker of a pipe that had frequently caused those in his lee to wonder if he wasn't cooking an old sneaker sole. But the amazing revelation of what was stored in his mind bowled over his profession along with the rest of the public.

Sports writers aren't dopes. There's probably not a better authority on poetry in America than Grannie Rice. H. G. Salsinger of Detroit is a ranking authority on etchings and on wire-haired fox terriers. Lloyd Lewis of Chicago is a historian of importance. The late Bill McGeehan was one of the nation's most thorough authorities on Shakespeare. And so it goes. Still, the radio uncoverage of John Kieran as an encyclopedia with a pipe caused us all to join the rest of the nation in the fervent "Well, I swan!"

Of course there are reasons. These things don't just happen. John's father, the late James M. Kieran, was president of Hunter College in New York for many years. His mother, Kate Donohue Kieran, graduated from Hunter at seventeen. He was the second child and oldest son in a family of four boys and three girls. And look at the rest of the family! Helen, his older sister, under the name of Helen Reilly, is the author of more than a dozen successful detective novels (Crime Club Series). Brothers Leo and Jim, Jr., were crack newspapermen and both are now successful in other fields. The kid brother, Laurence, is legal assistant to the surrogates of New York County.

In a word, the whole family is smart.

JOHN went through public school, high school, took three years in C. C. N. Y., then transferred to Fordham, where he played second base and wrote verse—probably with errors in both. But there was no error in his scholastic record. He smacked that one cum laude, and was graduated in 1912 with a B. S. degree.

He taught school a year, raising chickens and apples simultaneously, and returned to New York in the fall of 1913 to work as timekeeper on a big construction job in connection with the building of the New York subway system.

He entered newspaper work in 1915 on the New York Times, writing sports, mostly golf. War coming, he enlisted as a private with the 11th United States Engineers, attracted by a recruiting poster that read, "First to Fight." From July 14, 1917, to April 24, 1919, he was in France. He returned with it as a second lieutenant

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Liberty maintains a special department for the purpose of checking carefully each and every ad appearing in the magazine. By this means we believe that all advertising claims may be relied upon. Buy with confidence!

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

That's where he got that typewriter, and that's why he'll never part with it. It's a Corona, vintage 1915. He'd used it on the Times. He carried it to war with him and all through the war. On it still is stamped "Co. A, 86." That was his company and regiment. That typewriter has been in battle. John still uses it on the types of assignments where a man uses a portable.

It was back to the Times after the war, a switch to the New York Tribune in 1922, to the New York American in 1925, and back to the Times in 1927. He returned to write the first signed column of any sort the Times had ever run. It's still there daily.

John first began studying birds seriously in 1914. Birds led to trees, trees to flowers, flowers to insects, and it went on from there to take in most of the firmament. He calls himself "still an amateur" but says he's "learning a little."

His honors are many, too many to list. If you want 'em, take a look in Who's Who. He's written three very fine books. He's happily married and is the father of two sons and a daughter.

Both sons are in the service, James M., a medical student, being a second lieutenant in the Medical Reserve, and John F., Jr., just graduated from Yale, a second lieutenant of artillery. The daughter, Beatrice, eighteen, is still in school.

BUT about all that knowledge of his. He can't see anything unusual about himself. He says it's we who are unusual for not being the same way. He says anybody can do it, and everybody ought to. There's no secret about it. It's just a matter of reading. He says he's always read because he loved to, and that anybody who'll start it will love it just as much.

He read as a kid. He read as a collegian. He read as schoolteacher, timekeeper, newspaperman, and soldier. Even in France he managed to get hold of little copies of Shakespeare. He carried them in his pack, even in the neck of his blouse sometimes. He'd read a page or a chapter just to take his mind off his troubles.

He says it's silly to say you can't find time to read. Stick a book in your pocket, he says. He always read, even on those long subway rides to and from where he was living to that construction job that he was keeping time on.

Get interested in something, says John, besides yourself and your troubles.

The birds, the bees, the flowers are all around you and they're free. It helps, says he, and he looks as if something did, for his own face is as untroubled as a baby's.

That celebrated radio program, Information Please, is doing a Tennyson's brook on the ether—going or forever. At least, if it isn't, I haven't heard. Kieran was first put on it more or less as a gag. He stayed on it as the star.

Supposed to answer in humorous fashion such profound interrogations as who hit what home run in which inning of the third game in the World Series of 1903, he's worn 'em down in relays on everything from ping-pong to Saracenic architecture.

This is intended as a proud and affectionate salute from his brethren in sports writing. The real occasion for it is that we've possibly seen the end of an era in this happy and hilarious field of light literature. Who knows when the big fights will go on again, when baseball will be free, college football the glad carefree Saturday carnivals of yore, the big golf tournaments reassigned, the show as we knew it restarted? Soon, we pray—not that sports are the be all and end all, but because that will mean that the war has been won and our way of life saved.

But the road may be hard, the wait long.

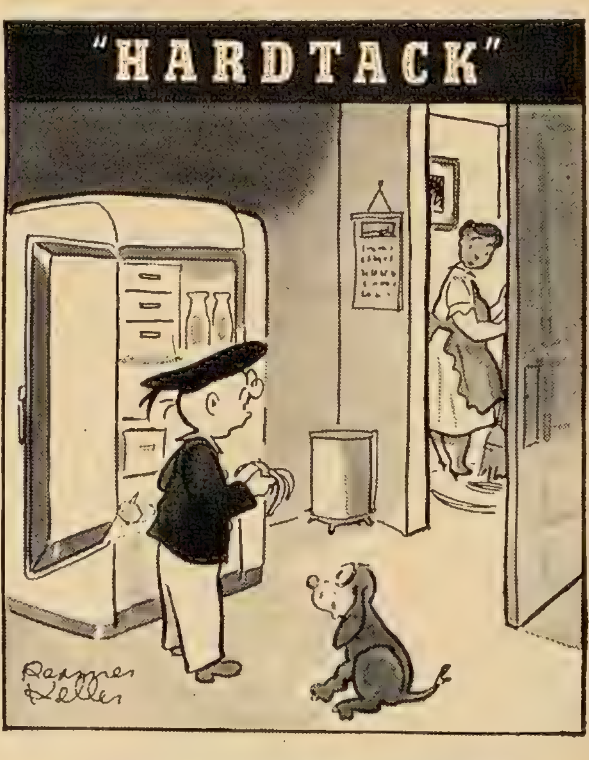
There've been big names on those sports pages through the past twenty years. McGeehan, Runyan, Rice, Gallico—the list is too long. But as the curtain falls on the era to await come-what-will, the name of the sports writer best known to most Americans belongs to the little guy the nice lady came in just to look at in Sarasota—John Kieran of the New York Times.

THE END

DO YOU KNOW . . .

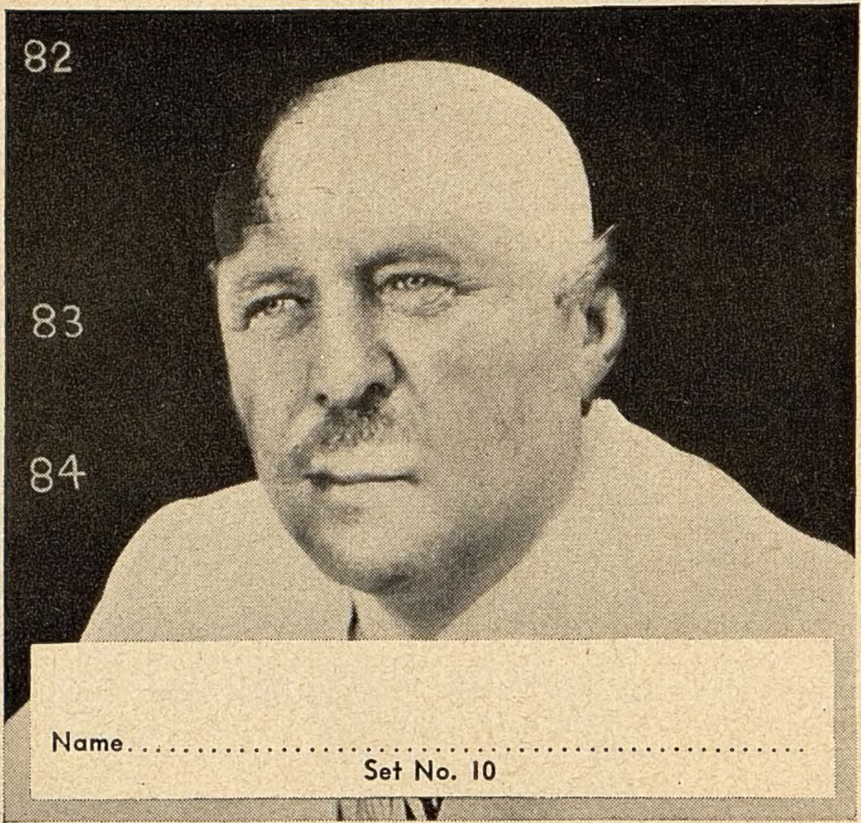
1. What celebrity still uses a 1915 portable typewriter stamped "Co. A, 86"?
2. What name is reported being used as a password by the fighting men of China, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, and France?
3. What labor leader attended his first union meeting when he was six years old?
4. Who said: "The leader who would be foolish enough to attempt to stop Germany's march to world power never will be born in a democracy"?
5. What is the more familiar name of Margarita Carmen Cansino?

Answers on pages 55, 15, 20, 13, and 24.

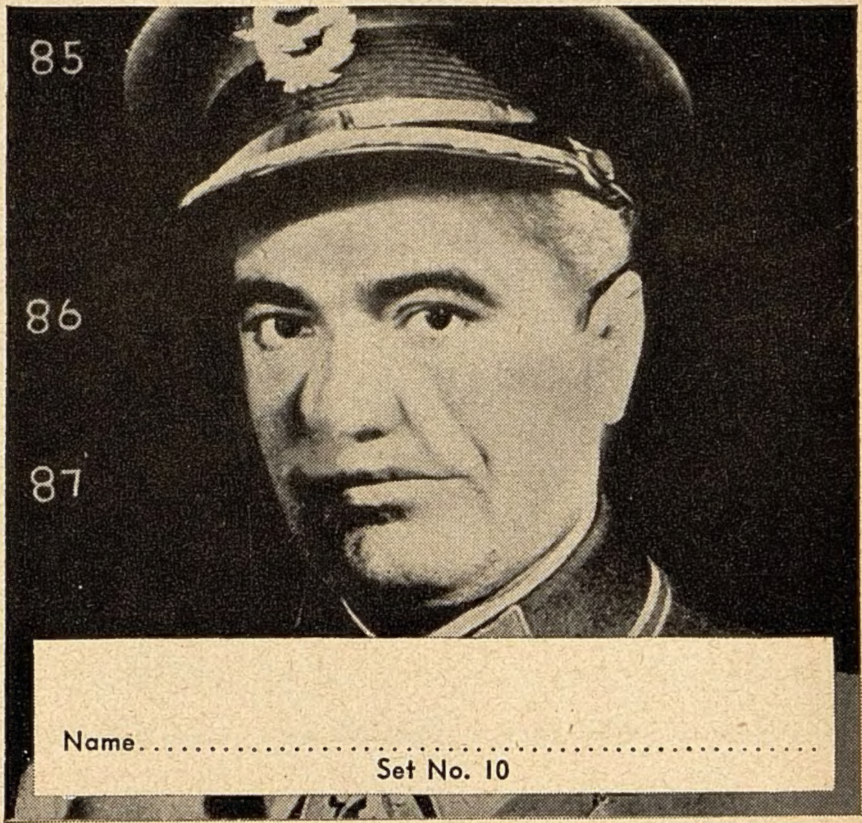


"Can I have this banana that was in the icebox, mom?"

FINAL WEEK! LIBERTY'S $5,000 WAR HEROES CONTEST



The forehead belongs to a former farm hand; the eyes and nose are of one who shot down 72 planes in World War I; the mouth and chin are of a George Washington U. alumnus.



The forehed is of a man who battled with Richthofen; the eyes and nose are of a former assistant to the U. S. Attorney General; the mouth and chin are of a native of Furmanka.

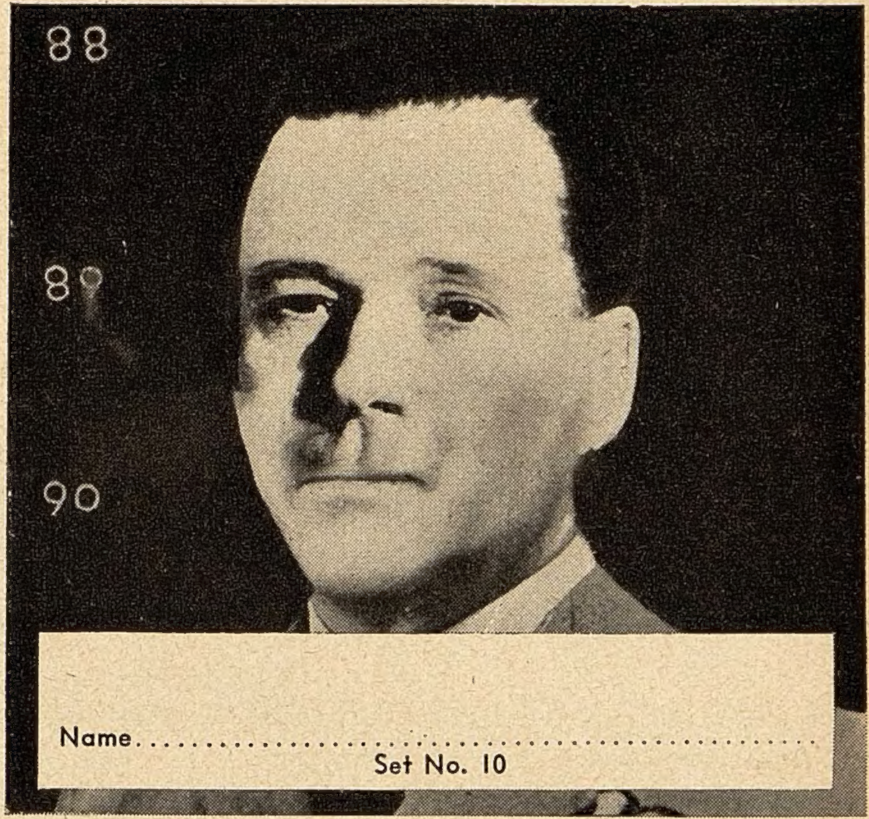
HERE you are, folks! The last set of our great War Heroes Contest—Set No. 10. And in this final group of composites, the separating lines have been omitted intentionally. For after nine weeks' experience in the study of facial contours, you should have acquired the skill to enable you to separate these composites each into their three proper parts and reassemble them.

FILE YOUR ENTRY ON TIME!

Reread and study the rules most carefully at this time. Check the dead line for entries and be sure to mail yours on or before that date. Remember, elaborateness is unnecessary. Accuracy and neatness count. So send us your THIRTY reassembled and identified pictures of the war heroes! May the best men and women win—and may one of them be YOU!

237 BIG CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
FIVE PRIZES, each $100	500
TEN PRIZES, each $50	500
TWENTY PRIZES, each $25	500
200 PRIZES, each $10	2,000
237 PRIZES	$5,000



The forehead is of a former lawyer; the eyes and nose are of one of the youngest generals in his country's history; the mouth and chin are of a great Canadian war hero.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who have gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.

2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. **Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.**

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborate or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Liberty's new weekly service—advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives.

TELETYPE TIPS

ADMINISTRATION INSIDERS SAY DRASTIC TIGHTENING OF PRICE AND WAGE CONTROL AS WELL AS NEW TAXES ON LOWER-INCOME GROUPS WILL COME AFTER ELECTION DAY. CONGRESS RELUCTANT TO CRACK DOWN ON BUSINESS, LABOR, OR CONSUMERS WITH ELECTION SO CLOSE.

RECENT RUSSIAN SETBACKS HAVE FORCED THE ARMY TO SHARPLY REVISE PLANS FOR BUILDING LARGE LAND FORCE. RUSSIAN DEFEATS MEAN ARMY WILL NOW PLAN TO ALMOST DOUBLE NUMBER OF MEN IN UNIFORM BY NEXT JUNE. IF YOU ARE A MAN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 20 AND 45 THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE YOU WILL BE IN SERVICE BY THEN IF YOU WERE MARRIED SINCE FIRST DRAFT LAW WAS PASSED. ARMY NOW FEELS MEN IN 1-B CATEGORY ARE OF REAL VALUE IN UNIFORM. MEN IN 40 TO 45 GROUP BEING TAKEN IN LARGE NUMBERS.

IF YOU ARE A GOLFER OR A TENNIS PLAYER YOUR EXERCISE HAS BEEN NICKED BY THE WAR EFFORT ALREADY BY GAS AND TIRE SHORTAGE. MORE RESTRICTIONS ON YOUR FAVORITE PASTIME WILL BE FORTHCOMING SHORTLY. OFFICIALS ARE PREPARING TO CRACK DOWN ON THE RECONSTRUCTION OF OLD GOLF BALLS BECAUSE OF THE NEED FOR BALATA, THE PAINT USED IN REPROCESSING THE OLD PELLETS. TENNIS BALLS WHICH HAVE ALREADY HAD MUCH OF THEIR BOUNCE TAKEN OUT WILL CONTINUE IN PRODUCTION INDEFINITELY UNLESS THE THREATENED WOOL SHORTAGE CAUSES A WPB CRACKDOWN.

A NEW "WAR REFRIGERATOR" MADE FROM NONESSENTIAL GOODS USING DRY ICE WILL BE PLACED ON THE MARKET SHORTLY. NEW REFRIGERATOR HAS NO MOVING PARTS, NO MACHINERY, NO OUTSIDE CONNECTIONS. WILL REQUIRE NO SERVICING.

WAR PRODUCTION BOARD CONSIDERING PLAN FOR NATION-WIDE INSPECTION OF PASSENGER-CAR TIRES WEEKLY AND MONTHLY TO AID CONSERVATION PROGRAM. EXAMINATION WILL INSURE PROPER INFLATION OF TIRES AND CHECK ON RECAPPING ELIGIBILITY.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE LADY WHO SMILES at something off to the left of this week's cover (and is pictured again herewith) is some one you need to know about. She is Liberty's Cover Girl, and she shows how life teaches you things. In all these years it never has dawned on us that we needed a Cover Girl. They are nice, but it just seems as though our minds were on something else. Then along came Columbia Pictures with a plan for a Technicolor production requiring the services of a Cover Girl from each of a number of magazines. And there we were without a Cover Girl. . . So now we have one, chosen by a group of the artists who illustrate stories for us. She will represent Liberty in the picture, and we take pleasure in presenting her on the cover. Name: Elaine Bacon. Birthplace: Tucson, Arizona. Qualifications: blonde, blue-green eyes, and can cook. Telephone number: shucks, you might as well pipe down. There is a navy lieutenant or something in her life.

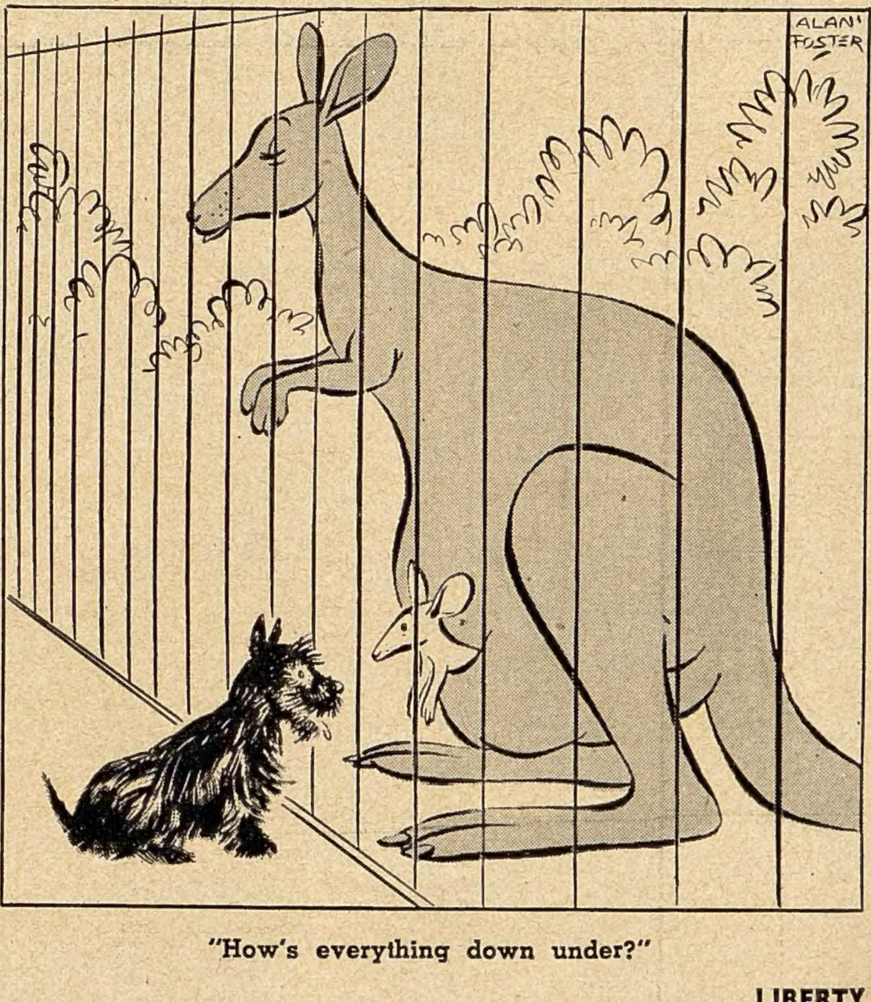
DELLA T. LUTES DIED LAST MONTH, and those who treasure the simpler rewards of living in the U. S. A. are grievous losers thereby. She wrote charmingly, humorously, of homes and folks and country kitchens and things to eat. We remember her especially for some quaint little poems, titled Behave Yourself, which she wrote for Liberty back in 1934. Such as:

To cut your salad now is proper—
To not do so may cause a cropper.
You might far better cut your lettuce
Than have it fly around and wet us.
N.B. Use any knife you happen to have.

Not very good poetry, with its split infinitive and all. But tolerant and consoling. Della Lutes was a rare and lovely lady. We are sorry she had to die.

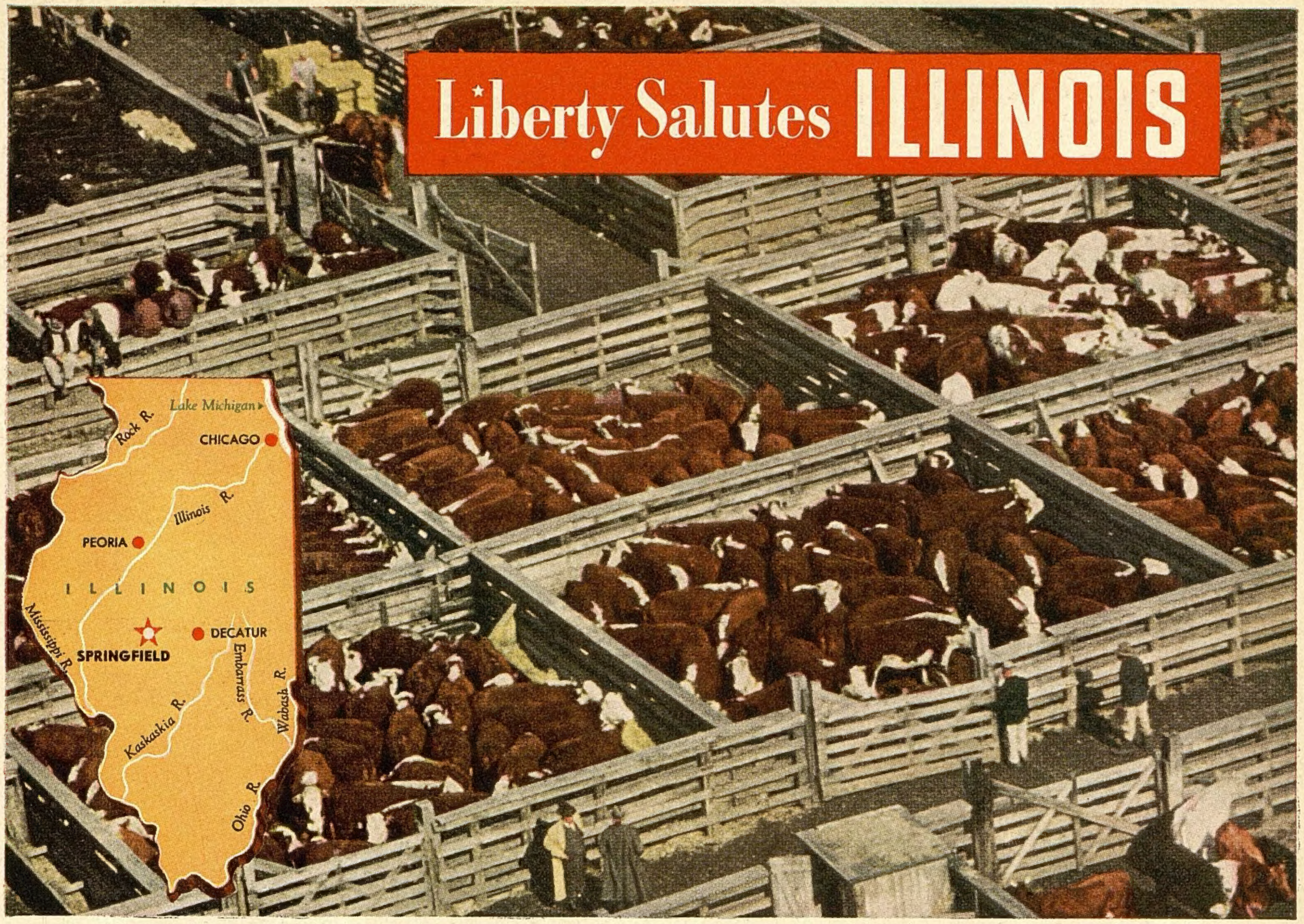
The Editors

FALA

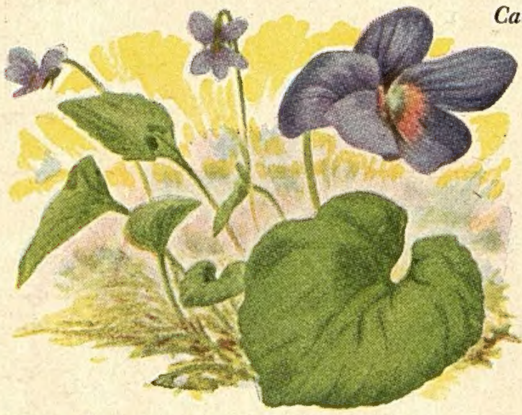


"How's everything down under?"

Liberty Salutes ILLINOIS



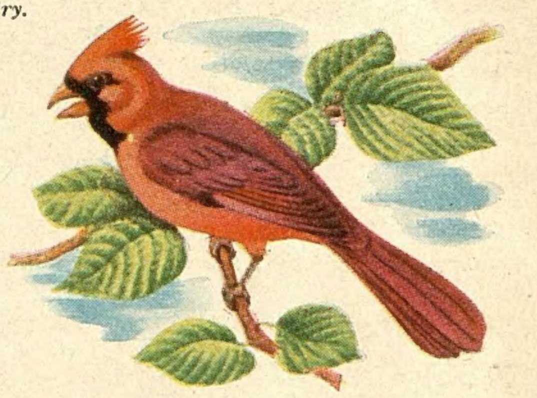
Cattle on hoof, first step in Illinois' $500,000,000 packing industry.



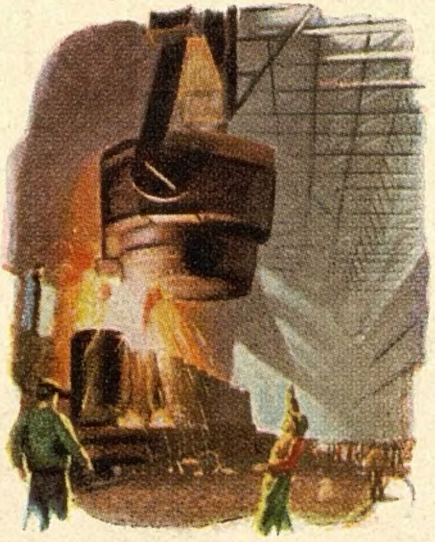
BEST KNOWN *and perhaps the most loved of spring wild flowers, the fragrant violet, that once dotted Illinois' woodlands, is its state flower chosen by the citizens of the state.*

ILLINOIS . . . cross section of America . . . described in terms of its great city, Chicago, by Carl Sandburg as "Hog Butcher for the World, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler." But Illinois is more than its teeming cities. Its capital, Springfield, is hallowed by the mark of Abraham Lincoln. Here he gave his great speech, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and here is his last resting place.

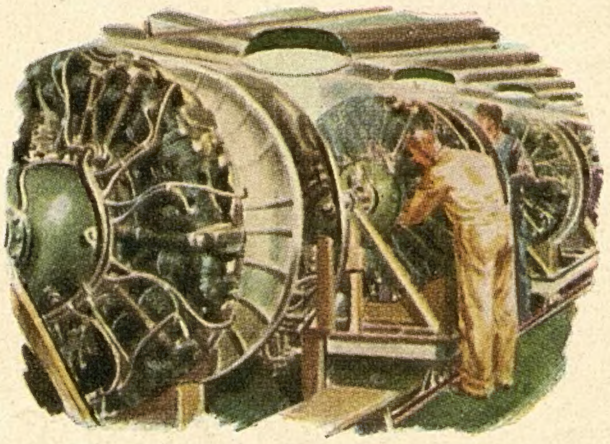
Once vast prairies, the state ranks third in producing soft coal, and makes its great contribution to America in its iudustrial developments. Here are the great meat-packing centers; humming wheels that produce autos, railroad cars, farm tools; whirring presses that turn out our printed page.



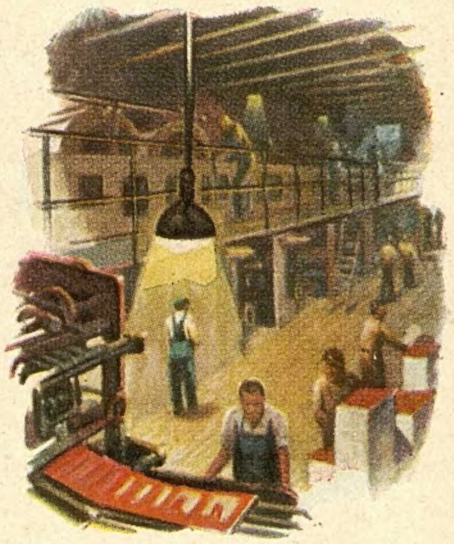
THE BRILLIANT *cardinal is the state's bird. Its song is a variety of loud, clear whistles. It is known as the farmers' friend because it eats insects and weed seeds.*



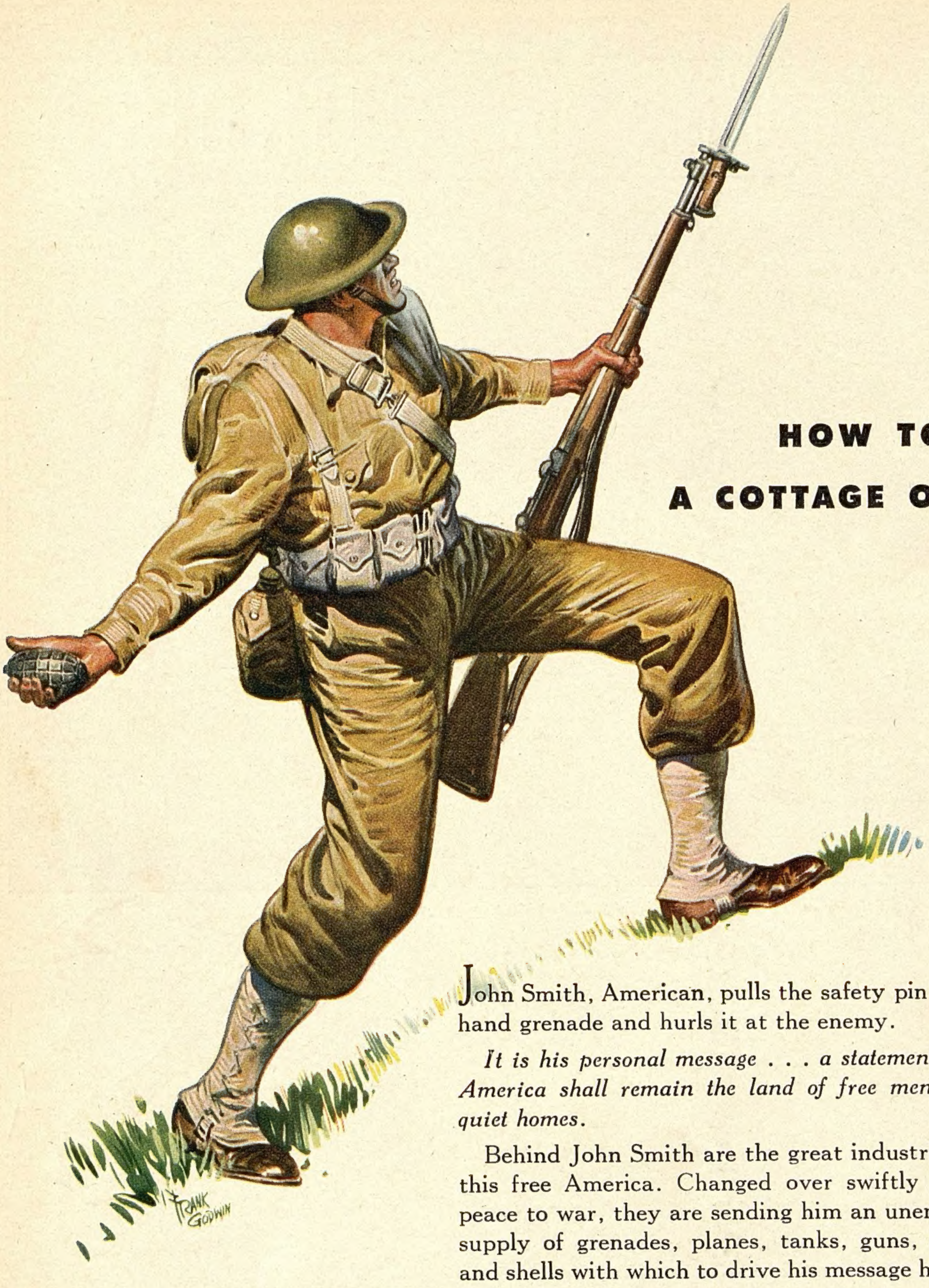
FOR SHIPS, *for tanks, for guns and bullets—for almost every facet of war—the prime requisite is steel, Illinois' second greatest industry working at ever increasing tempo.*



POWER *for our war birds on their victory missions, great engines for planes are now being produced by the thousands in Illinois. And week by week, the production figures rise.*



THIS IS *a war of ideas and words. Illinois' great printing plants carry a large share in producing the weapon of words to convey ideas...in newsprint, magazines, and other media.*



HOW TO BUILD A COTTAGE ON A HILLTOP

John Smith, American, pulls the safety pin on a hand grenade and hurls it at the enemy.

It is his personal message . . . a statement that America shall remain the land of free men and quiet homes.

Behind John Smith are the great industries of this free America. Changed over swiftly from peace to war, they are sending him an unending supply of grenades, planes, tanks, guns, ships and shells with which to drive his message home.

The Texas Company is helping by making 100-octane aviation gasoline, lubricating oils, and other military products. Vast new Texaco plants will make Toluene for the highly explosive TNT . . . Butadiene for synthetic rubber. Fortunately, the highly-developed research, production and refining facilities used in making Sky Chief and Fire-Chief Gasolines were readily available to help speed our war effort.

Great peacetime industries make America strong in war. Today they back up John Smith and his hand grenade.

Together we take the only course that is left toward the building of many cottages on many hilltops in the future.

TEXACO
REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY